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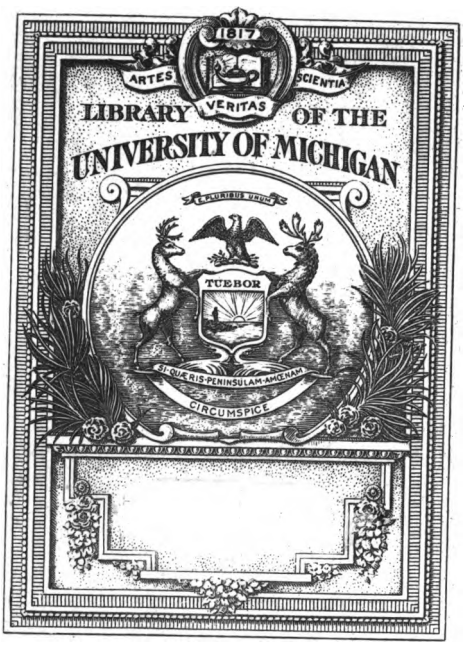

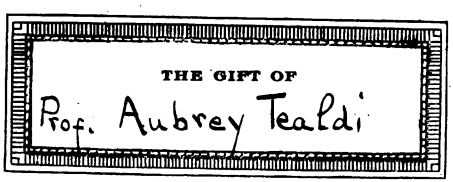

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THE OLD-SPELLING SHAKESPEARE:
Being the Works of Shakespeare in the Spelling of the best Quarto and Folio Texts
Edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late W. G. Boswell-Stone.

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Shakespeare, William

MUCH ADOE ABOUT NOTHING

EDITED BY

W. G. BOSWELL-STONE

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

F. W. CLARKE, M.A.

LATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE
AT DECCAN COLLEGE, POONA

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Much adoe about Nothing.

INTRODUCTION.

Date

The earliest published edition of this play was the Quarto of 1600. It had been entered in the Stationers' Register, together with *As You Like It*, *Henry the Fifth*, and *Every Man in His Humour*, under the date of August 4, the year not being given. The fact that the previous entry is dated May 27, 1600, is sufficiently strong evidence for referring it to the same year, the presumption being that the clerk did not think it worth while to repeat the year. In the famous list of Shakespeare's plays enumerated by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, published in 1598, *Much Ado about Nothing* is not mentioned, and thus we are able to fix the play between narrow limits. In the first scene of the play the speech of Beatrice about 'musty victual' has been thought to be a reference to Essex's campaign in Ireland of 1599, in which the catering for the soldiers was not all that could be desired; while in the same scene the stress that is laid on the victory being achieved with the loss of 'but few of any sort, and none of name,' is with more probability thought to allude to an early success in the same campaign.

Such an allusion would be very popular, for the expedition of Essex aroused high interest and enthusiasm, and Shakespeare alludes to it specifically in *Henry V.* According to this, 1599 would be the date of the play, which would be in harmony with the external evidence previously quoted, while it is supported by the conclusions that may be drawn from metre, style, subject and treatment. Difficult as it is to separate Shakespeare's work into 'periods,' and misleading as are the results that are obtained from the promiscuous and over-elaborate use of this method, it must be conceded that there are at least strong grounds for believing that *As You Like It* and the present play were composed at periods of Shakespeare's career which were not divided from each other by any great lapse of time. Both plays are dis-

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tinguished by a joyousness and serenity, a somewhat hasty brushing aside of obstacles that would seem to be impediments to mar the eventual prosperity of the characters; in both there is the same preponderance of prose and humour, and the combination of a romantic background with a plot of a primarily humorous interest. The diction of both plays also has points of resemblance: the thoughts are never crowded as in the later plays, nor are they laboriously and even affectedly spun out as in many of the earlier ones, while the trite reflections and eager snatching at opportunities for verbal quips have almost entirely disappeared from the verse portions, and in this latter respect especially the play may be contrasted with the earlier *Merchant of Venice*. 1599 may therefore be set down with every confidence as being the date of composition of this play, and the only serious attempt to refute this has been lodged on a clever but unconvincing effort to identify *Love's Labour's Won*, mentioned by Meres, with *Much Ado*.

Source

Two stories have been mentioned as probable sources for this play. The first is that of Ariodante and Genevra, told in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, which had been rendered into English by Sir John Harington, and beautifully adapted by Spenser in his *Faery Queene*. Pope confidently asserted that this (the Harington version of Ariosto) was the original for the plot of *Much Ado*, but a cursory examination almost entirely dispels the probability of his suggestion. The only similarity consists in the fact that Genevra was falsely accused of inconstancy, and this charge was supported much in the same manner as that against Hero. On the other hand, the events leading up to this belying of a fair lady's fame and the development after the central event are entirely and irreconcilably different. The second suggested source is a story in the novels of Matteo Bandello dealing with the crossing of the path of true love between a worthy but simple knight, Signor Timbreo di Cardona, and the virtuous lady, Fenicia. Here the resemblance is certainly more feasible. We have the false accusation, which is supported in an almost identical manner in novel and play,

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followed by the strategic death of the lady, the illumination of the hero (which in the novel is brought about by the repentance of the villain); while the final solution is brought about by the repentant Don Timbreo promising to marry any lady that the aggrieved father of Fenicia may choose, and so finding himself in the arms of his beloved Fenicia. This, then, is decidedly more promising; and a minor point of resemblance lies in the fact that two of the names in the novel are almost identical with those of the play, namely, that of the king, Don Pedro, and the father, Lionato; while the scene is laid in Messina. There are, however, points of strong contrast as well as of similitude. In the novel Don Pedro takes no part in the action whatever; there are no characters corresponding to Benedick and Beatrice; the deception is brought about by a jealous lover of the virtuous lady, and is cleared up by his repentance. Don Timbreo renounces the lady in less dramatic and, it must be added, more knightly fashion than Claudio by means of a messenger; Dogberry and Verges are entirely absent. These are a few of the principal differences, and if, as seems probable, Shakespeare found the germ of the story in Bandello, it must be admitted that he has altogether reconstructed the story. It must be added that there is no *known* English translation that was available; but a French version by Belleforêt had been published in 1582. This is fortunately not the place to enter into the perplexing and somewhat unprofitable controversy of Shakespeare's knowledge or ignorance of all languages save his own. Finally, there is the suggestion that *Much Ado* was founded on an old lost play derived from Bandello which Shakespeare remoulded. This has a certain probability to support it; but nothing more definite can be stated beyond that Bandello was probably either the primary or the ultimate source.

The Text

The text of this play offers few difficulties; the one here reprinted is that of the first and only Quarto, which has none of the imperfections which are found in many of the pirated editions of popular plays. The discrepancies between this Quarto and the first Folio are comparatively few, and even these are of no

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great importance. There are no passages in the Folio that are not found in the Quarto; on the other hand, the Folio omits certain short passages that are printed in the Quarto. The remaining differences consist chiefly in matters of orthography, and trivial details in the stage-directions. The Quarto, if not printed direct from Shakespeare's manuscript, was evidently founded on an authenticated copy; while the Folio had probably a prompt-copy as its original, and one in which the few alterations and omissions which repeated performances of the play had shown to be desirable were duly made. For an exhaustive consideration of the relation of the two texts, the reader is referred to Mr. P. A. Daniel's excellent introduction to the Quarto Facsimile Edition of *Much Ado about Nothing*.

The most distinguished feature of the play is the extreme skill of characterization in Beatrice and Benedick. Their verbal contests in the early part of the play are irresistibly amusing, though it is the exquisite language with which their jests are clothed, rather than the intrinsic value of the ideas themselves, that render them immortal, while in the latter part, the way in which both of them show themselves ready to take prompt and generous action when the crisis arrives is finely conceived and faultlessly executed.

Claudio has been perhaps too much condemned as a blot on the canvas; he is represented as a fearless warrior with but little experience of the world, easily influenced, and therefore prone to suspicion. His groundless suspicion of Don Pedro in the second act is a typically Shakespearian touch, and admirably paves the way for what is to come.

A conspicuous feature of this play is the harmony of the two plots. A plot of almost tragic intensity linked with one of humorous interest was of course a common characteristic of Elizabethan drama. It is only necessary to compare *Much Ado* with one of Beaumont and Fletcher's tragi-comedies—for instance, *The Captain*—to appreciate this portion of the dramatist's art.

The Division of Acts

In this respect Mr. Spedding's suggested rearrangement has been followed. His article will be found in the *Transactions* of

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the New Shakspere Society, and the part relative to this play is reprinted in Furness's Variorum Edition. Briefly, his argument is as follows: No division of acts is found in the Quarto Edition of this play; we therefore have to rely on the Folio Edition of 1623, and as this was published many years after the production of the play, we need not assume the division given as necessarily incontrovertible. In the ordinary arrangement there is evidently a certain interval between Scenes 1 and 2 of the first act, as Claudio and Don Pedro have a conversation in a thick-pleached alley which is overheard, and the repetition of which is the chief business of Scenes 2 and 3. On the other hand, the break between Acts III and IV seems purposeless. There is a very short interval, for Dogberry has not time to examine his prisoners, and nothing whatever has happened between the acts. By closing the first act at the end of Act I, scene 1, the second act at the end of Act II, scene 2, and the third act at the end of Act III, scene 3, these inconsistencies are avoided and the play gains in uniformity. The first act is now entirely occupied with exposition; in the second act the various deceptions are planned; in the third they are carried out, while in the fourth the various complications are brought to exactly the right point for the unravelling which is the business of the fifth act to take place.

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The Scene, **Messina** *in* **Sicilie.**

THE PERSONS WHO ACT

SET DOWN IN THE ORDER OF THEIR ONCOMING

(With References to their first Speeches in each Scene).

'**LEONATO**, *Gouernour of* **Messina**,' I.i.1, *p.* 1; II.i.1, *p.* 9; II.iii.1, *p.* 12; III.i.86, *p.* 25; III.iii.15, *p.* 34; IV.ii.1, *p.* 44; IV.iii.1, *p.* 46; V.i.3, *p.* 58; V.iv.2, *p.* 71.

'**INNOGEN**, *his Wife*' (*says nothing*), I.i. *p.* 1; II.iii. *p.* 12.

A **Messenger**, I.i.3, *p.* 1; IV.ii.49, *p.* 45; V.iv.121, *p.* 75.

'**BEATRICE**, *his Neece*,' I.i.26, *p.* 2; II.iii.3, *p.* 12; III.i.219, *p.* 29; III.ii. (23, *p.* 30), 107, *p.* 33; IV.i.36, *p.* 42; IV.iii.107, *p.* 49; V.ii.40, *p.* 68; V.iv.73, *p.* 73.

'**HERO**, *his Daughter*,' I.i.31, *p.* 2; II.iii.5, *p.* 12; III.ii.1, *p.* 30; IV.i.1, *p.* 41; IV.iii.8, *p.* 46; V.iv.60, *p.* 73.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of* **Messina**, I.i.80, *p.* 3; II.iii.74, *p.* 14; III.i.33, *p.* 24; III.iii.1, *p.* 33; IV.iii.26, *p.* 47; V.i.46, *p.* 59; V.iii.24, *p.* 70; V.iv.34, *p.* 72.

'*Signior* **BENEDICKE** *of* **Padua**,' I.i.90, *p.* 3; II.iii.111, *p.* 15; III.i.1, *p.* 23; III.iii.14, *p.* 34; IV.iii.18, *p.* 46; V.i.111, *p.* 61; V.ii.1, *p.* 67; V.iv.8, *p.* 71.

SIR (*or* **DON**) **IOHN** *the* **Bastard**, *base-born Brother of* **DON PEDRO**, I.i.133, *p.* 5; II.ii.3, *p.* 10; II.iii.138, *p.* 16; II.iv.1, *p.* 21; III.iii.71, *p.* 35; IV.iii.64, *p.* 42.

CLAUDIO, '*a young Florentine*' *Lord, in love with* **HERO**, I.i.138, *p.* 5; II.iii.143, *p.* 16; III.i.34, *p.* 24; III.iii.3, *p.* 33; IV.iii.5, *p.* 46; V.i.46, *p.* 59; V.iii.1, *p.* 70; V.iv.38, *p.* 72.

ANTONIO, '*an old man, Brother to* **LEONATO**,' II.i.3, *p.* 9; II.iii.2, *p.* 12; V.i.1, *p.* 58; V.iv.7, *p.* 71.

Kinsmen *of* **LEONATO**, II.i. *p.* 9 (*say nothing*).

CONRADE, *a* '*Gentleman*,' *a* '*Companion of* **IOHN** *the* **Bastard**,' II.ii. 1, *p.* 10; III.iv.91, *p.* 39; IV.iv.14, *p.* 55; V.i. *p.* 63 (*says nothing*).

BORACHIO, *another Companion of* **IOHN** *the* **Bastard**, II.ii.35, *p.* 11; II.iii.141, *p.* 16; II.iv.3, *p.* 21; (*cupshotten*, III.iv.88, *p.* 39); IV.iv.11, *p.* 55; V.i.215, *p.* 64.

BALTHASAR, *a Singer* (*formerly playd by* **IACKE WILSON**, *of the* **Burbages**' *Company*), II.iii.87, *p.* 14; III.i.40, *p.* 24.

A **Drum**, *to make* '*Musicke*' *for a Dance*, II.iii. *p.* 14.

MARGARET, *one of* **HEROES** '*two Gentlewomen*,' II.iii.88, *p.* 14; III.ii.14, *p.* 30; IV.i.6, *p.* 41; V.ii.3, *p.* 67; V.iv. *p.* 71 (*says nothing*).

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The Persons who act.

URSULA (or **URSLEY**, *p.* 30), *another of* **HEROES** '*two Gentlewomen*,' II.iii.98, *p.* 15; III.ii.26, *p.* 30; IV.i.3, *p.* 41; V.ii.84, *p.* 69; V.iv. *p.* 71 (*says nothing*).

Boy to '*Signior* **BENEDICKE**', III.i.2, *p.* 23.

Musicke for **BALTHASERS** *Song*, III.i.53, *p.* 25; *for a hymne on* **HERO**, V.iii.12, *p.* 70.

DOGBERY *the* **Constable** (*formerly played by* **WILL KEMP** (*p.* 55), *the first Comedy-man of the* **Burbages**' *company*), III.iv.1, *p.* 37; IV.ii.2, *p.* 44; *in a Gown*,[1] IV.iv.1, *p.* 55; V.i.195, *p.* 63.

His '*compartner*' *&* '*neighbour*' **VERGES**, '*the* **Headborough**' *or second* **Constable** (*formerly played by* **RICHARD COWLEY** *of the* **Burbages**' *Company* (*p.* 55), III.iv.2, *p.* 37; IV.ii.7, *p.* 44; *in a Gown*, IV.iv.2, *p.* 55; V.i.240, *p.* 65.

Watchman *1*, III.iv.10, *p.* 37; IV.iv.36, *p.* 56; V.i. *p.* 63 (*says nothing*).

Watchman *2*, **GEORGE SEACOLE**, **DOGBERYS** '*neighbor*,' **Constable** *of the* **Watch**, III.iv.15, *p.* 37; IV.iv.45, *p.* 56; V.i. *p.* 63 (*says nothing*).

FRIER FRANCIS, IV.iii.4, *p.* 46; V.iv.1, *p.* 71.

The **Towne Clearke** *or* **Sexton**, *in a Gown*, IV.iv.3, *p.* 55; V.i. *p.* 65 (*says nothing*).

'*Three or Foure*' **Lords** *or* **Attendants** '*with Tapers*,' V.iii. *p.* 70, *of whom one* **Lord** *speaks 4 Words*, V.iii.2, *p.* 70.

'*Two or Three other*' **Lords** *who say nothing*, V.iv. *p.* 72.

The Stage-time of the Play is four Days; the date fixed for Hero's wedding—'a iust seuennight' from day 1—having been either forgotten or changed (See Mr. Daniel's Time-Analysis of *Much Ado*, in *New Sh. Soc.'s Trans.*, 1877-79, p. 144). Day 1, I.—II.ii. Day 2, II.iii.—III.iii. Day 3, III.iv.—V.iii. to l. 24. Day 4, V.iii.24—V.iv.

[1] He is here cald *Keeper* and ANDREW: see p. 55.

NOTICE

In the Text, black type (**Clarendon** or *Sans-serif*) is used for all emendations and insertions.

When a *Quarto* reading is corrected by the First *Folio* or another Quarto, a mark (*, †, ‡, §) is set to such reading.

In the Notes 'Q' means the First Quarto, 1600, from which the Play is edited. 'F' means the First Folio of 1623. F2, the Second Folio of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspere's).

¶ in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress from the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader's convenience, as 'exíle,' &c. When *-ed* final is pronounst as a separate syllable, the *e* is printed ë.

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[*Ornament*]

Much adoe about Nothing.

As it hath been ſundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his ſeruants.

Written by William Shakespeare.

LONDON
Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wiſe, and William Aſpley.
1600.

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[From the copy of the Quarto at the British Museum.]

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Much adoe about

Nothing

*Actus Primus. Scena Prima.**

Before LEONATOES *house In* Messina.

Enter LEONATO, *Gouernour of* Meſſina, INNOGEN *his wife,* HERO *his daughter, and* BEATRICE *his Neece, with a* Meſſenger.

Leonato.

I Learne in this letter, that don *Peter* of *Arragon*[1] comes this night to *Meſſina.*

Meſſ. He is very neare by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leona. How many Gentlemen haue you loſt in this action?

Meſſ. But few of any ſort, and none of name.

Leona. A victory is twice it ſelfe, when the atchiuer brings home ful numbers. I find here, that don *Peter* hath beſtowed much honour on a yong *Florentine* called *Claudio.*

Meſſ. Much deſeru'd on his part, and equally remembred by don *Pedro:* he hath borne himſelfe beyond the promiſe of his age, doing, in the figure of a Lamb, the feats of a Lion: he hath indeed better bettred expectation then you muſt expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an vnckle here in *Meſſina* will be very much glad of it.

Meſſ. I haue already deliuered him letters, and there

---

* *Actus Primus. Scena Prima*] F.

[1] In the Quarto we print from, the names of Persons and Places are not in Italics. We, however, put them in italics as uzual.

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appeares much ioy in him; euen ſo much, that ioy could not ſhew it ſelfe modeſt enough, without a badge of bitterneſſe.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Meſſ. In great meaſure.

Leo. A kind ouerflow of kindneſſe! there are no faces truer then thoſe that are ſo waſht. How much better is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping!

Beatr. I pray you, is Signior *Mountanto* returnd from the warres, or no?

Meſſen. I know none of that name, Ladie: there was none ſuch in the army of any ſort.

Leonato. What is he that you aske for, Neece?

Hero. My coſen meanes Signior *Benedicke* of *Padua*.

Meſſ. O, hee's returnd, and as pleaſant as euer he was!

Bea. He ſet vp his bills here in *Meſſina*, and challengde *Cupid* at the Flight; and my vncles foole, reading the chalenge, ſubſcribde for *Cupid*, and challengde him at the Burbolt[1]: I pray you, how many hath he kild and eaten in theſe warres? But how many hath he kild? for indeede I promiſed to eate all of his killing.

Leo. Faith, Neece, you taxe Signior *Benedicke* too much! but heele be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Meſſ. He hath done good ſeruice, Lady, in theſe warres.

Beat. You had muſty vittaile, and he hath holpe to eate it: he is a very valiaunt Trencher man; he hath an excellent ſtomacke!

Meſſ. And a good ſouldier too, Lady!

Beat. 'And a good ſouldiour to a Lady'! But what is he to a Lord?

Meſſ. A Lord to a Lord, a Man to a Man, ſtufft with al honorable vertues!

Beat. It is ſo indeed! he is no leſſe then a ſtuft man: but for the ſtuffing! wel! we are al mortall!

Leo. You muſt not, ſir, miſtake my Neece: there is a kind of mery warre betwixt Signior *Benedicke* and her: they neuer meet but there's a skirmiſh of wit betweene them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our laſt conflict, 4 of his fiue wits went halting off; and now is the whole man

[1] *Burbolt* = Birdbolt.

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gouernd with one; ſo that if he haue wit enough to keep himſelf warm, let him beare it for a difference between himſelf and his horſe; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reaſonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath euery month a new ſworne brother!

Meſſ. Iſt poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily 'poſſible': he weares his faith but as the faſhion of his hat; it euer changes with the next blocke.

Meſſ. I ſee, Lady, the gentleman is not in your bookes.

Beat. No! and he were, I would burne my ſtudy! But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no yong ſquarer now that will make a voyage with him to the diuell?

Meſſ. He is moſt in the companie of the right noble *Claudio.*

Beat. O Lord! he will hang vpon him like a diſeaſe! hee is ſooner caught than the peſtilence; and the taker runs preſently madde! God help the noble *Claudio!* if he haue caught the *Benedict,* it will coſt him a thouſand pound ere a be cured.

Meſſ. I will holde friends with you, Ladie!

Beat. Do, good friend!

Leon. You will neuer runne madde, Niece!

Beat. No, not till a hote Ianuary!

Meſſ. Don *Pedro* is approacht.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICKE, BALTHASAR *and* IOHN *the* Baſtard.

Pedro. Good ſignior *Leonato,* are you come to meet your trouble? The faſhion of the world is, to auoyd coſt; and you incounter it!

Leon. Neuer came trouble to my houſe, in the likeneſſe of your Grace; for, trouble being gone, comfort ſhould remaine: but when you depart from mee, ſorrow abides, and happines takes his leaue.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly! [*points to* HERO] I thincke this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times tolde me ſo.

Bened. Were you in doubt, ſir, that you askt her?

Leonato. Signior *Benedicke,* no! for then were you a child!

---

80. *are you*] Q. you are F. 90. *sir*] Q. F om.

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Pedro. You haue it full, *Benedicke!* wee may gheſſe by this, what you are, being a man. Truely the Lady fathers her ſelfe. Be happy, Lady! for you are like an honourable father.

*Ben.** If Signior *Leonato* be her father, ſhe would not haue his head on her ſhoulders for all *Meſſina*, as like him as ſhe is.

Beat. I wonder that you will ſtill be talking, ſignior *Benedicke!* No body markes you!

Bene. What! my deere lady Diſdaine! Are you yet liuing?

Bea. Is it poſſible Diſdaine ſhould die, while ſhe hath ſuch meete foode to feede it, as ſignior *Benedicke?* Curteſie it ſelfe muſt conuert to Diſdaine, if you come in her preſence!

Bene. Then is Curteſie a turne-coate. But it is certaine I am loued of all Ladies, onelie you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for truely, I loue none.

Beat. A deere happineſſe to women! they would elſe haue beene troubled with a pernitious ſuter. I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that! I had rather heare my Dog barke at a Crow, than a man ſweare he loues me!

Bene. God keepe your Ladiſhip ſtil in that mind! ſo ſome Gentleman or other ſhall ſcape a predeſtinate ſcratcht face.

Beat. 'Scratching' could not make it worſe, and twere ſuch a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher!

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beaſt of yours!

Ben. I would my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue, and ſo good a continuer! But keep your way a Gods name! I haue done.

Beat. You alwayes end with a iades tricke: I knowe you of olde!

Pedro. That is the ſumme of all. ¶ *Leonato!*—¶ Signior *Claudio*, and ſignior *Benedicke!* my deere friend *Leonato* hath inuited you all. I tell him we ſhall ſtay here, at the leaſt a moneth; and he heartily praies ſome occaſion may detaine vs longer. I dare ſweare he is no hypocrite, but praies from his heart.

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*96. *Ben.*] F. Be. Q. 124. *That*] This F.

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Leon. If you ſweare, my Lord, you ſhall not be forſworne. [*To Sir* IOHN] Let mee bidde you welcome, my Lord! being reconciled to the Prince your brother, I owe you all duetie.

Iohn. I thanke you! I am not of many wordes, but I thanke you.

Leon. [*to* PED.] Pleaſe it your grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand, *Leonato;* we wil go together!

[*Exeunt.* *Manent* BENEDICKE & CLAUDIO.

Clau. Benedicke! didſt thou note the daughter of Signior *Leonato?*

Bene. I noted her not, but I lookte on her.

Clau. Is ſhe not a modeſt yong Ladie?

Bene. Do you queſtion me as an honeſt man ſhould doe, for my ſimple true iudgement? or would you haue me ſpeake after my cuſtome, as being a profeſſed tyrant to their ſex?

Claudio. No! I pray thee ſpeake in ſober iudgement.

Bene. Why, yfaith, me thinks ſhees too low for a hie praiſe, too browne for a faire praiſe, and too litle for a great praiſe. Onlie this commendation I can affoord her, that, were ſhee other then ſhe is, ſhe were vnhanſome; and being no other but as ſhe is, I do not like her!

Claudio. Thou thinkeſt I am in ſport. I pray thee tell mee truelie how thou lik'ſt her!

Bene. Would you buie her, that you enquier after her?

Claudio. Can the world buie ſuch a iewel?

Bene. Yea, and a caſe to putte it into! But ſpeake you this with a ſad brow? or doe you play the flowting *Iacke,* to tell vs *Cupid* is a good Hare-finder, and *Vulcan* a rare Carpenter? Come! in what key ſhall a man take you, to go in the ſong?

Claudio. In mine eie, ſhee is the ſweeteſt Ladie that euer I lookt on!

Bened. I can ſee yet without ſpectacles, and I ſee no ſuch matter. Theres her coſin, and ſhe were not poſſeſt with a fury, exceedes her as much in beautie, as the firſt of Maie dooth the laſt of December! But I hope you haue no intent to turne huſband, haue you?

Claudio. I would ſcarce truſt myſelfe, though I had ſworne the contrarie, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Bened. Iſt come to this? In faith, hath not the worlde

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One man but he will weare his cappe with ſuſpition? Shall I neuer ſee a batcheller of three ſcore againe? Go to, yfaith! and thou wilt needes thruſt thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and ſigh away Sundaies! Looke! don *Pedro* is returned to ſeeke you.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.[1]

Pedro. What ſecret hath held you here, that you followed not to *Leonatoes?*

Bene. I would your Grace would conſtraine me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance!

Ben. You heare, Count *Claudio!* I can be ſecret as a dumb man; I woulde haue you thinke ſo; but, 'on my allegiance,' marke you this, 'on my allegiance': ¶he is in loue! With who? Now that is your Graces part. Marke how ſhort his anſwer is: With *Hero, Leonatoes* ſhort daughter!

Clau. If this were ſo, ſo were it vttred.

Bened. Like the olde tale, my Lord: 'it is not ſo, nor twas not ſo: but indeede, God forbid it ſhould be ſo!'

Claudio. If my paſſion change not ſhortly, 'God forbid it ſhould be' otherwiſe!

Pedro. Amen! if you loue her; for the Lady is very well worthy.

Claudio. You ſpeake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I ſpeake my thought.

Claudio. And in faith, my Lord, I ſpoke mine.

Bened. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lorde, I ſpoke mine!

Clau. That I loue her, I feele.

Pedro. That ſhe is worthy, I know.

Bened. That I neither feele how ſhe ſhould be loued, nor know how ſhe ſhould be worthie, is the opinion that fire can not melt out of me: I will die in it at the ſtake!

Pedro. Thou waſt euer an obſtinate heretique in the deſpight of Beauty.

Clau. And neuer could maintaine his part, but in the force of his wil.

Bene. That a woman conceiued me, I thanke her: that

[1] Q & F add '*Iohn the baſtard.*'

194. *ſpoke*] Q. ſpeake F.

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ſhe brought me vp, I likewiſe giue her moſt humble thankes: but that I will haue a rechate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inuiſible baldricke, all women ſhall pardon mee! Becauſe I will not doe them the wrong to miſtruſt any, I will doe my ſelfe the right to truſt none: and the fine is,' (for the which I may go the finer,) I will liue a bacheller.

Pedro. I ſhall ſee thee, ere I die, looke pale with loue.

Bene. With anger, with ſickeneſſe, or with hunger, my Lord; not with 'loue'! Proue that euer I looſe more blood with 'loue' then I will get againe with drinking, picke out mine eies with a Ballad-makers penne, and hang me vp at the doore of a brothel houſe for the ſigne of blinde *Cupid!*

Pedro. Well, if euer thou doſt fall from this faith, thou wilt prooue a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, and ſhoote at me! and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the ſhoulder, and calld '*Adam*'!

Pedro. Well, as time ſhal trie:
'In time the ſauage Bull doth beare the yoake!'

Bene. 'The ſauage bull' may; but if euer the ſenſible *Benedicke* beare it, plucke off the bulls hornes, and ſet them in my forehead; and let me be vildly painted; and in ſuch great letters as they write, 'Here is good horſe to hyre': let them ſignifie vnder my ſigne, 'Here you may ſee *Benedicke* the married man!'

Claudio. If this ſhould euer happen, thou wouldſt be 'horn madde.'

Pedro. Nay, if *Cupid* haue not ſpent all his quiuer in *Venice*, thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bened. I looke for an earthquake too, then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the howres. In the meane time, good ſignior *Benedicke*, repaire to *Leonatoes!* Commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile him at ſupper; for indeede he hath made great preparation.

Bened. I haue almoſt matter enough in mee for ſuche an Embaſſage, and ſo I commit you . . .

Clau. To the tuition of God: from my houſe, if I had it...

Pedro. The ſixt of Iuly: your louing friend, *Benedicke.*

Bened. Nay, mocke not, mocke not! The body of your

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diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments, and the guardes are but ſlightly baſted on, neither. Ere you flowt old ends any further, examine your conſcience; and ſo I leaue you. [*Exit.*

Claudio. My Liege, your Highneſſe nowe may doe mee good!

Pedro. My loue is thine to teach. Teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learne
Any hard leſſon that may do thee good.

Clau. Hath *Leonato* any ſonne, my Lord?

Pedro. No childe but *Hero;* ſhees his onely heire.
Dooſt thou affect her, *Claudio?*

Claudio. O, my Lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I lookt vpon her with a ſouldiers eie,
That likt, but had a rougher taske in hand,
Than to driue liking to the name of 'loue':
But now I am returnde, and that warre-thoughts
Haue left their places vacant, in their roomes
Come thronging ſoft and delicate defires,
All prompting mee, how faire yong *Hero* is
Saying 'I likt her ere I went to warres!'

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a louer preſently,
And tire the hearer with a booke of words.
If thou doſt loue faire *Hero*, cheriſh it,
And I wil breake with hir, and with her father,
And thou ſhalt haue her. Waſt not to this end,
That thou beganſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtorie?

Clau. How ſweetly you do miniſter to loue,
That know loues griefe by his complexiõn!
But leſt my liking might too ſodaine ſeeme,
I would haue ſalude it with a longer treatiſe.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broder then the flood?
The faireſt graunt is the neceſſitie:
Looke! what wil ſerue, is fit: tis once, thou loueſt,
And I wil fit thee with the remedie.
I know we ſhall haue reuelling to night;
I wil aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,

267-8. *and with . . . her*] Q. not in F.

270. *you do*] Q. do you F.

273. *salude* = salv'd.

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And tell faire *Hero* I am *Claudio*,
And in her boſome Ile vnclaſpe my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner, with the force
And ſtrong incounter of my amorous tale:
Then after, to her father will I breake;
And the concluſion is, ſhe ſhal be thine.
In practiſe let vs put it preſently! [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima. [*Usually I. II.*]

In LEONATOES *House.*

Enter LEONATO, *and an old man,* ANTHONIO, *brother to* LEONATO.

Leo. How now, brother! Where is my coſen, your ſonne? Hath he prouided this muſique?

Old Anthonio. He is very buſie about it. But, brother, I can tell you ſtrange newes that you yet dreampt not of.

Leo. Are they good?

Old Anthonio. As the euents ſtampes them: but they haue a good couer; they ſhew well outward. The Prince and Count *Claudio*, walking in a thicke pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much ouer-heard by a man of mine: the Prince diſcouered to *Claudio* that he loued my niece, your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a daunce; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the preſent time by the top, and inſtantly breake with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Old Anthonio. A good ſharp fellow: I wil ſend for him; and queſtion him your ſelfe!

Leo. No, no! we wil hold it as a dreame til it appeare it ſelf: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that ſhe may bee the better prepared for an anſwer, if peraduenture this be true. Go you and tel hir of it! [*Exit* ANT.] [*Enter* **Kinsmen.**] ¶ Coſins! you know what you haue to doe. ¶ O, I crie you mercie, friend! go you with me, and I wil vſe your skill.* ¶ Good Coſin, haue a care this buſie time! [*Exeunt.*

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4. *strange*] om F. 9. *much*] om F.
skill] F. shill Q.

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Actus Secundus. Scena Secunda. [*Usually I. III.*]

In LEONATOES *House.*

Enter Sir IOHN *the* baſtard, *and* CONRADE *his companion.*

Con. What the good yeere, my Lord! Why are you thus out of meaſure ſad?

Iohn. There is no 'meaſure' in the occaſion that breeds; therfore the ſadneſſe is without limit. 4

Con. You ſhould heare reaſon.

Iohn. And when I haue heard it, what bleſſing brings it?

Con. If not a preſent remedy, at leaſt a patient ſufferance.

Iohn. I wonder that thou (being, as thou ſaiſt thou art, [8 borne vnder *Saturne*,) goeſt about to apply a morall medicine, to a mortifying miſchiefe. I cannot hide what I am: I muſt be ſad when I haue cauſe, and ſmile at no mans ieſts; eate when I haue ſtomack, and wait for no mans leiſure; ſleep when I am drowſie, and tend on no mans buſineſſe; laugh when I am mery, and claw no man in his humor. 14

Con. Yea, but you muſt not make the full ſhow of this till you may do it without controllment. You haue of late ſtoode out againſt your brother, and he hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impoſſible you ſhould take true [18 root, but by the faire weather that you make your ſelf. It is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your owne harueſt.

Iohn. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a roſe in his grace! and it better fits my bloud to be diſdain'd of all, then to faſhion a cariage to rob loue from any. In this, (thogh I cannot be ſaid to be a flatering honeſt man,) it muſt not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villaine! I am [25 truſted with a muſſel, and enfraunchiſde with a clogge; therefore I haue decreed, not to ſing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking! in the mean time, let me be that I am, and ſeeke not to alter me! 30

Con. Can you make no vſe of your diſcontent?

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6. *brings*] Q. bringeth F. 18. *true*] Q. F om.

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Iohn. I make all 'vſe' of it, for I 'vſe' it only. Who comes here?

Enter BORACHIO.

What newes, *Borachio?* 34

Bor. I came yonder from a great ſupper: the Prince your brother is royally entertain'd by *Leonato,* and I can giue you intelligence of an intended mariage. 37

Iohn. Wil it ſerue for any model to build miſchiefe on? What is he for a foole that betrothes himſelfe to vnquietneſſe?

Bor. Mary, it is your brothers* right hand.

Iohn. Who? the moſt exquiſite *Claudio?* 41

Bor. Euen he.

Iohn. A proper ſquier! And who, and who? Which way looks he? 44

Bor. Mary, on† *Hero,* the daughter and heire of *Leonato.*

Iohn. A very forward March-chicke! How came you to this? 47

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoaking a muſty roome, comes me the Prince and *Claudio,* hand in hand, in ſad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and [50 there heard it agreed vpon, that the Prince ſhould wooe *Hero* for himſelfe, and hauing obtain'd her, giue her to Counte *Claudio.* 53

Iohn. Come, come, let vs thither! this may proue food to my diſpleaſure. That yong Start-vp hath all the glory of my ouerthrow: if I can croſſe him any way, I bleſſe my ſelfe euery way! ¶ You are both ſure, and wil aſſiſt me? 57

Conr. To the death, my Lord!

Iohn. Let vs to the great ſupper! their cheere is the greater, that I am ſubdued. Would the Cooke were a my mind! Shall we go proue whats to be done? 61

Bor. Weele wait vpon your Lordſhip! [*Exeunt.*‡

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32. *make*] Q. will make F.
33. *Enter . . .*] after l. 33 Q, F.
*40 *brothers*] F. bothers Q.
†45. *on*] F. one Q.
50. *me*] Q. F om.
‡62. *Exeunt*] F. exit Q.

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*Actus Secundus.** *Scena Tertia.* [*Usually II. I.*]

A Hall in LEONATOES *House.*

Enter LEONATO, *his brother* ANTHONIO, *his wife* INNOGEN, HERO *his daughter, and* BEATRICE *his neece, also* MARGARET, *and a* Kinſman.

Leonato. Was not Counte *Iohn* here at ſupper?

Brother. [ANTHONIO] I ſaw him not.

Beatrice. How tartely that gentleman lookes! I neuer can ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an hower after!

Hero. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

Beatrice. He were an excellent man, that were made iuſt in the mid-way between him and *Benedick:* the one is too like an image, and ſaies nothing; and the other, too like my Ladies eldeſt ſonne, euermore tatling.

Leonato. Then, halfe Signior *Benedickes* tongue in Counte *Iohns* mouth, and halfe Counte *Iohns* melancholy in Signior *Benedickes* face . . .

Beatrice. With a good legge and a good foote, Vncle, and money inough in his purſe: ſuch a man would winne any woman in the world; if a could get her good will.

Leonato. By my troth, Neece, thou wilt neuer get thee a huſband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue!

Brother. Infaith, ſhees too curſt.

Beatrice. 'Too curſt' is more then curſt: I ſhall leſſen Gods ſending that way; for it is ſaide, 'God ſends a curſt cow ſhort hornes'; but to a cow 'too curſt,' he ſends none.

Leonato. So, by being 'too curſt,' God will ſend you no hornes?

Beatrice. Iuſt! if he ſend me no husband: for the which bleſſing, I am at him vpon my knees euery morning and euening. Lord! I could not endure a huſband with a beard on his face! I had rather lie in the woollen!

Leonato. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beatrice. What ſhould I do with him? dreſſe him in my

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* *Actus Secundus*] F.

15. *a*] Q. he F.

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apparell, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more then a youth; and he that hath no beard, is leſſe then a man: and he that is more then a youth, is not for me; and he that is leſſe then a man, I am not for him: therefore I will euen take ſixpence in earneſt of the Berrord, and leade his apes into hell.

Leonato. Well then! go you into hell?

Beatrice. No! but to the gate: And there will the Diuell meete me, like an old cuckold, with hornes on his head, and ſay, 'Get you to heauen, *Beatrice!* get you to heauen! heeres no place for you maids!' So deliuer I vp my apes, and away to Saint *Peter* for the heauens: he ſhewes me where the Batchellers ſit; and there liue we as mery as the day is long!

Brother. [*to* HERO] Well, Neece, I truſt you will be rulde by your father.

Beatrice. Yes, faith, it is my coſens duetie to make curſie and ſay, 'Father, as it pleaſe you!' ¶ But yet for all that, coſin, let him be a handſome fellow; or elſe make an other curſie, and ſay, 'Father, as it pleaſe me!'

Leonato. Well, Neece, I hope to ſee you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice. Not til God make men of ſome other mettal then earth! Would it not grieue a woman to be ouer-maſterd with a peece of valiant duſt? to make an account of her life to a clod of waiward marle? No, Vnckle, ile none! *Adams* ſonnes are my brethren; and truely I holde it a ſinne to match in my kinred.

Leonato. Daughter, remember what I told you! If the Prince do ſolicite you in that kind, you know your anſwer.

Beatrice. The fault will be in the muſique, Coſin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the Prince be too important, tell him 'there is meaſure in euery thing,' and ſo daunce out the anſwer. For, here me, *Hero!* wooing, wedding, and [62 repenting, is as a *Scotch* ijgge,[1] a meaſure, and a cinquepace: the firſt ſuite is hot and haſty, like a *Scotch* ijgge[1] (and ful as fantaſticall); the Wedding manerly modeſt, (as a meaſure,)

35. *Berrord* is bear-ward, keeper of bears.

36. *Leonato*] Lenoato Q.

[1] *ijgge*, jig. '*ii*' was generally written and printed *ij*, so that *jigge* was set *ijgge*.

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full of ſtate and aunchentry; and then comes Repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace faſter and faſter, til he fincke into his graue. 68

Leonato. Coſin, you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly!

Beatrice. I haue a good eie, Vncle! I can ſee a church by day-light. 71

Leonato. The reuellers are entring. Brother, make good roome! [*All maſk.*

Enter Prince PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* BENEDICKE, *and* BALTHASER; DON IOHN, *&* BORACHIO; *&, opposite,* VRSULA; *all Maſkers, with a* Drum.* [PEDRO *takes* HERO; BENED., BEATRICE; BALTH., MARGARET; *&* ANTHO., VRSULA.]

Pedro. [*to* HERO] Lady, will you walke about with your Friend? 75

Hero. So you 'walke' ſoftly, and looke ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the 'walke'; and eſpecially when I 'walk' away.

Pedro. With me in your company? 79

Hero. I may ſay ſo, when I pleaſe.

Pedro. And when 'pleaſe' you to 'ſay ſo'?

Hero. When I like your fauour; for God defend the lute ſhould be like the caſe! 83 [*Ioue.*

Pedro. My viſor is *Philemons* roofe: Within the houſe, is

Hero. Why, then, your 'viſor' ſhould be thatcht.

Pedro. Speake low, if you ſpeake loue! [*Leads her away.*

Balth. [*to* MARG.] Well, I would you did like me! 87

Mar. So would not I, for your owne ſake; for I haue many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Mar. I ſay my praiers alowd. 91

Balth. I loue you the better; the hearers may cry 'Amen!'

Marg. God match me with a good dauncer!

Balth. Amen! 94

Marg. And God keepe him out of my ſight when the daunce is done! Anſwer, Clarke!

Don] or dumb Q, or dumbe F.
* *Maskers with a drum*] F.
87, 90, 92. *Balth.*] Theobald. | Bene. Q, F.

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Balth. No more words, the Clarke is anſwered. [*Leads her away.*

Vrſula. [*to* ANTH.] I know you well enough! you are ſignior *Anthonio!*

Antho. At a word, I am not!

Vrſula. I knowe you by the wagling of your head.

Antho. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Vrſula. You coulde neuer doe him ſo ill well, vnleſſe you were the very man! heeres his drie hand vp and downe: you are he! you are he!

Antho. At a word, I am not!

Vrſula. Come, come! do you thinke I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can vertue hide it ſelfe? Go to! mumme! you are he! graces will appeere! and theres an end. [ANT. *leads her away.*

Beat. [*to* BEN.] Will you not tell me who tolde you ſo?

Bened. No! you ſhall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bened. Not now.

Beat. 'That I was diſdainefull, and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred Mery Tales!*' Wel! this was ſignior *Benedick* that ſaid ſo.

Bened. Whats he?

Beat. I am ſure you know him well enough.

Bened. Not I; beleeue me!

Beat. Did he neuer make you laugh?

Bened. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the Princes ieaſter! a very dul fool! only his gift is, in deuiſing impoſſible ſlaunders: none but Libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villanie; for he both pleaſes men, and angers them; and then they laugh at him, and beate him. I am ſure he is in the Fleete! I would he had boorded me!

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, ile tell him what you ſay.

Beat. Do, do! heele but break a compariſon or two on me; which, peraduenture, (not markt, or not laught at,) ſtrikes him into melancholy; and then theres a partrige wing ſaued, for the foole will eate no ſupper that night! Wee muſt follow the Leaders. [*The Dancers begin to take their places.*

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Bene. In euery good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leaue them at the next turning.

[*Muſicke.** *Dance.* *Exeunt all saue* IOHN, BORACHIO, CLAUDIO.

Iohn. [*to* BOR.] Sure, my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it. The Ladies follow her, and but one viſor remaines.

Borachio. And that is *Claudio*. I knowe him by his bearing.

Iohn. [*to* CLAU.] Are not you ſignior *Benedicke*?

Clau. You know me well: I am he!

Iohn. Signior, you are very neere my brother in his loue: he is enamourd on *Hero*. I pray you diſſwade him from her: ſhe is no equall for his birth. You may doe the parte of an honeſt man in it.

Claudio. How know you he loues her?

Iohn. I heard him ſweare his affection.

Borac. So did I too! and he ſwore hee would marry her to-night.

Iohn. Come, let vs to the banquet! [*Exeunt: manet* CLAU.

Claud. Thus anſwer I in name of *Benedicke*,
But heare theſe ill newes with the eares of *Claudio!*
Tis certaine ſo! The Prince wooes for himſelfe!
Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Saue in the office and affaires of loue:
Therefore all hearts in loue vſe their owne tongues.
Let euery eie negotiate for it ſelfe,
And truſt no Agent! for Beauty is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charmes, Faith melteth into blood:
This is an accident of hourely proofe,
Which I miſtruſted not. Farewel, therefore, *Hero!*

Re-enter BENEDICKE.

Benedicke. Count *Claudio*?

Claudio. Yea, the ſame.

Bene. Come! will you go with me?

Claudio. Whither?

Bene. Euen to the next willow, about your owne buſines,

*137. *Musicke*] Musicke for the dance. F.

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County. What faſhion will you weare the Garland of? about your necke, like an Vſurers chaine? or vnder your arme, like a Lieutenants ſcarffe? You muſt weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero.*

Claudio. I wiſh him ioy of her!

Bened. Why, thats ſpoken like an honeſt Drouier: ſo they ſell Bullockes! But did you thinke the Prince would haue ſerued you thus?

Claudio. I pray you, leaue me!

Benedicke. Ho! now you ſtrike like the blindman: twas the boy that ſtole your meate, and youle beate the poſt.

Claudio. If it will not be, Ile leaue you. [*Exit.*

Benedicke. Alas, poore hurt foule! now will hee creepe into ſedges! But that my Ladie *Beatrice* ſhould know me, and not know mee! 'The Princes foole!' Hah! It may be I goe vnder that title, becauſe I am merry. Yea, but ſo I am apte to doe my ſelfe wrong: I am not ſo reputed! It is the baſe (though bitter) diſpoſition of *Beatrice*, that puts the world into her perſon, and ſo giues me out. Well, ile be reuenged as I may!

Re-enter the Prince.*

Pedro. Now, ſignior, wheres the Counte? did you ſee him?

Benedicke. Troth, my Lord, I haue played the part of Ladie *Fame.* I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren. I tolde him, and I thinke I tolde him true, that your Grace had got the goodwil of this yoong Lady[1]; and I offred him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forſaken, or to binde him vp a rod, as being worthie to bee whipt.

Pedro. 'To be whipt'? whats his fault?

Benedicke. The flatte tranſgreſſion of a Schoole-boy, who, being ouer-ioyed with finding a birds neſt, ſhewes it his companion; and he ſteales it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a truſt a tranſgreſſion? The tranſgreſſion is in the ſtealer.

Benedicke. Yet it had not beene amiſſe, the rodde had beene made, & the garland too; for the garland, he might

*189. Q adds '*Hero, Leonato, Iohn and Borachio, and Conrade.*' F omits them.

[1] Hero.

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haue worn himſelfe; and the rodde, he might haue beſtowed on you, who (as I take it) haue ſtolne his birds neſt. 206

Pedro. I wil but teach them to ſing, and reſtore them to the owner.

Benedicke. If their ſinging anſwer your ſaying, by my faith you ſay honeſtly. 210

Pedro. The Ladie *Beatrice* hath a quarrell to you: the Gentleman that daunſt with her, told her ſhee is much wrongd by you. 213

Bened. O, ſhee miſuſde me paſt the indurance of a blocke! An oake but with one greene leafe on it, would haue anſwered her! my very viſor beganne to aſſume life, and ſcold with her! She tolde me, (not thinking I had beene my ſelfe,) that I was the Princes ieſter! that I was duller than a great thawe! [218 huddleing ieſt vpon ieſt, with ſuch impoſſible conueiance vpon me, that I ſtoode like a man at a marke, with a wholy army ſhooting at me. She ſpeakes poynyards; and euere word ſtabbes. If her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no liuing neere her; ſhee would infect to [223 the north ſtarre! I woulde not marry her, though ſhee were indowed with al that *Adam* had left him before he tranſgreſt! She would haue made *Hercules* haue turnd ſpit, yea, and haue cleft his club to make the fire too! Come, talke not of her! you ſhall find her the infernall *Ate* in good apparell! [228 I would to God ſome ſcholler woulde coniure her; for certainely, while ſhe is heere, a man may liue as quiet in hell, as in a ſanctuarie; and people ſinne vpon purpoſe, becauſe they would goe thither: ſo, indeede, all diſquiet, horrour, and perturbation followes her. 233

Enter CLAUDIO *and* BEATRICE, LEONATO, HERO.*

Pedro. Looke! heere ſhe comes!

Benedicke. Will your Grace command me any ſeruice to the worldes end? I will go on the ſlighteſt arrand now to the *Antypodes* that you can deuiſe to ſend mee on! I will [237 fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furtheſt inch of *Aſia*; bring you the length of Preſter *Iohns* foot; fetch you a haire off the great *Chams* beard; doe you any embaſſage to the

*233. *Leonato, Hero*] F. Q om.

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Pigmies; rather than holde three words conference, with this Harpy! You haue no imployment for me? 242

Pedro. None, but to deſire your good company.

Benedicke. O God, ſir! heeres a diſh I loue not. I cannot indure my Ladie Tongue! [*Exit.*

Pedro. Come, Lady, come! You haue loſt the heart of ſignior *Benedicke.* 247

Beatrice. Indeed, my Lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gaue him vſe for it, a double heart for his ſingle one! Mary, once before he wonne it of me, with falſe dice; therefore your Grace may well ſay 'I haue loſt' it. 251

Pedro. You haue put him downe, Lady; you haue put him downe!

Beatrice. So I would not he ſhould do me, my Lord, leſt I ſhould prooue the mother of fooles! I haue brought Counte *Claudio,* whom you ſent me to ſeeke. 256

Pedro. Why, how now, Counte? Wherefore are you ſad?

Claudio. Not 'ſad', my Lord!

Pedro. How then? ſicke?

Claudio. Neither, my Lord! 260

Beatrice. The Counte is neither 'ſad,' nor 'ſicke,' nor merry, nor well: ¶ but ciuill, Counte, ciuil as an orange, and ſomething of that iealous complexion. 263

Pedro. Ifaith, Lady, I think your blazon to be true; though Ile be ſworne, if he be ſo, his conceit is falſe! ¶ Heere, *Claudio!* I haue wooed in thy name; and faire *Hero* is won! I haue broke with her father; and his good will obtained. Name the day of marriage; and 'God giue thee ioy!' 269

Leonato. Counte, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes! his Grace hath made the match, and all grace ſay Amen to it!

Beatrice. Speake, Counte! tis your Qu. 273

Claudio. Silence is the perfecteſt Herault of ioy. I were but little happy, if I could ſay how much! ¶ Lady! as you are mine, I am yours! I giue away my ſelfe for you, and doate vpon the exchange. 277

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245. *my*] Q. this F. 263. *that*] Q. a F.
268. See note on *Loues Labors Lost,* V. ii. 448.

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Beat. Speake, cosin! or (if you cannot,) stop his mouth with a kisse, and let not him speake neither.

Pedro. Infaith, Lady, you haue a merry heart!

Beatr. Yea, my Lord! I thanke it, poore foole; it keepes on the windy side of Care. [*Points to* HERO *&* CL.] My cosin tells him in his eare, that he is in her heart.

Clau. And so she doth, Cosin.

Beat. Good Lord, for aliance! Thus goes euery one to the world but I, and I am sun-burnt: I may sit in a corner, and crie, 'heigh ho for a husband!'

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice,* I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather haue one of your fathers getting! Hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands; if a maide coulde come by them.

Prince. Will you haue me, Lady?

Beatr. No, my Lord, vnles I might haue another for working-daies: your Grace is too costly to weare euery day. But I beseech your Grace, pardon me! I was born to speake all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your silence most offends me; and to be merry, best becomes you; for, out a question, you were borne in a merry hower.

Beatr. No, sure, my Lord, my mother cried; but then there was a starre daunst; and vnder that was I borne. ¶ Cosins, 'God giue you ioy'!

Leonato. Neece, will you looke to those things I tolde you of?

Beat. I crie you mercy, Vncle! ¶ By your Graces pardon! [*Exit* BEATRICE.

Prince. By my troth, a pleasant spirited lady!

Leon. Theres little of the melancholy element in her, my Lord! she is neuer sad, but when she sleeps, & not euer sad then; for I haue heard my daughter say, she hath often dreampt of vnhappines, and wakt her selfe with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

Leonato. O, by no meanes! she mockes al her wooers out of sute.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick!*

Leonato. O Lord, my lord! if they were but a weeke married, they would talke themselues madde!

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Prince. Countie *Claudio*, when meane you to goe to Church?

Clau. To morow, my Lord! Time goes on crutches, til Loue haue all his rites.

Leonato. Not til Monday, my deare ſonne, which is hence a iuſt ſeuennight; and a time too briefe too, to haue al things anſwer my mind.

Prince. Come, you ſhake the head at ſo long a breathing; but I warrant thee, *Claudio*, the time ſhall not go dully by vs! I wil, in the interim, vndertake one of *Hercules* labors, which is, to bring Signior *Benedick* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountaine of affection, th' one with th' other. I would faine haue it a match; and I doubt not but to faſhion it, if you three will but miniſter ſuch aſſiſtance as I ſhall giue you direction.

Leonato. My Lord, I am for you, though it coſt me ten nights watchings!

Claud. And I, my Lord!

Prince. And you too, gentle *Hero?*

Hero. I wil do any modeſt office, my Lord, to help my Coſin to a good husband.

Prince. And *Benedicke* is not the vnhopefulleſt husband that I know. Thus farre can I praiſe him: he is of a noble ſtrain, of approoued valour, and confirmde honeſty. I will teach you how to humour your coſin, that ſhe ſhall fal in loue with *Benedicke;* and I, [*to* L. *&* Cl.] with your two [340 helpes, wil ſo practiſe on *Benedicke*, that in diſpight of his quicke wit, and his queaſie ſtomacke, he ſhall fall in loue with *Beatrice.* If we can do this, *Cupid* is no longer an Archer; his glory ſhall bee ours, for we are the onely loue-gods. Goe in with mee, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.* 345

Actus Secundus. Scena Quarta. [*Usually II. ii.*]

In Leonatoes *House.*

Enter Iohn *and* Borachio.

Iohn. It is ſo! the Counte *Claudio* ſhall marry the daughter of *Leonato.*

Bora. Yea, my Lord, but I can croſſe it. 3

345. *Exeunt*] exit Q, F.

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Iohn. Any barre, any croſſe, any impediment, will be [4
medcinable to me! I am ſicke in diſpleaſure to him; and
whatſoeuer comes athwart his affection, ranges euenly with
mine. How canſt thou croſſe this marriage? 7

Bor. Not honeſtly, my Lord; but ſo couertly, that no diſ-
honeſty ſhall appeare in me!

Iohn. Shew me briefely how. 10

Bor. I thinke I told your Lordſhip a yeere ſince, how much
I am in the fauour of *Margaret*, the waiting gentlewoman to
Hero.

Iohn. I remember. 14

Bor. I can, at any vnſeaſonable inſtant of the night, ap-
point her to looke out at her Ladies chamber window.

Iohn. What life is in that, to be the death of this mariage?

Bor. The poiſon of that, lies in you to temper! Goe you
to the Prince your brother; ſpare not to tell him, that he
hath wronged his honor in marrying the renownëd *Claudio*,
(whoſe eſtimation do you mightily hold vp,) to a contamin-
ated ſtale, ſuch a one as *Hero*. 22

Iohn. What proofe ſhall I make of that?

Bor. Proofe enough, to miſuſe the Prince, to vexe *Claudio*, to
vndoe *Hero*, and kill *Leonato!* Looke you for any other iſſue?

Iohn. Onely to diſpight them, I will endeuour any thing! [26

Bor. Go, then! find me a meet houre to draw don *Pedro*
and the Counte *Claudio* alone; tell them that you know that
Hero loues me; intend a kind of zeale both to the Prince &
Claudio (as in loue of your brothers honor, who hath made [30
this match, and his friends reputation, who is thus like to bee
coſen'd with the ſemblance of a maid,) that you haue diſ-
couer'd thus. They wil ſcarcely beleeue this without triall: [33
offer them inſtances, which ſhall beare no leſſe likelihood, than
to ſee me at her chamber window, heare me call *Margaret*
'*Hero*', heare *Marg*aret terme me '*Borachio*', & bring [36
them to ſee this, the very night before the intended wedding,
(for in the mean time, I wil ſo faſhion the matter, that *Hero*

27. *don*] Q. on F.
30. *in loue*] Q. in a loue F.
36. *Borachio*] Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald). Claudio Q, F. (Possibly the slip was Shakspere's. Having changed Margaret to Hero, he may have unthinkingly alterd Borachio to Claudio, forgetting that his "Hero loves *me*" (l. 29) necessitated Margaret's calling out 'Borachio'.)

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ſhal be abſent,) and there ſhal appeere ſuch ſeeming truth of *Heroes* diſloyaltie, that iealouſie ſhal be cald aſſurance, and al the preparation ouerthrowne.

Iohn. Grow this to what aduerſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practiſe! Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thouſand ducates!

Bor. Be you conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

Iohn. I will preſently go learne their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima. [*Usually II. III.*]

In LEONATOES *Orchard.*

Enter BENEDICKE *alone.*

Bene. Boy! [*Enter* **Boy.**

Boy. Signior!

Bene. In my chamber window lies a booke; bring it hither to me in the orchard!

Boy. I am here already, ſir!

Bene. I know that; but I would haue thee hence, and here againe. [*Exit* **Boy.**] I do much wonder, that one man, ſeeing how much an other man is a foole, when he dedicates his behauiours to Loue, wil, after he hath laught at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, becom the argument of his owne ſcorne, by falling in loue; and ſuch a man is *Claudio.* I haue knowne when there was no muſique with him but the drumme and the fife; and now had he rather heare the taber and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would haue walkt ten mile afoot, to ſee a good armour; and now wil he lie ten nights awake, caruing the faſhion of a new dublet. He was woont to ſpeake plaine, and to the purpoſe (like an honeſt man and a ſouldier); and now is he turnd ortography! his words are a very fantaſticall banquet, iuſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes! May I be ſo conuerted, and ſee with theſe eies? I cannot tell; I thinke not: I wil not be ſworne but Loue may transforme

45. *you*] Q. thou F. 47. *Exeunt*] exit Q. Exit F.
7. *Exit*] after l. 5 Q, F.

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me to an oyſter; but Ile take my oath on it, till he haue made an* oyſter of me, he ſhall neuer make me ſuch a foole! One woman is faire; yet I am well: an other is wiſe; yet I [24 am well: an other vertuous; yet I am wel! but till all graces be in one woman, one woman ſhal not com in my grace! rich ſhe ſhal be; thats certain: wiſe; or Ile none: vertuous; or Ile neuer cheapen her: faire; or Ile neuer looke on her: [28 mild; or come not neare me: noble; or not I† for an angell: of good diſcourſe; an excellent muſitian; and her haire ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe God! Hah! the Prince and Monſieur Loue! I wil hide me in the arbor. [*Hides.* 32

Enter Prince, LEONATO, CLAUDIO, (*and later, Muſicke.*[1])

Prince. Come! ſhall we heare this muſique?
Claud. Yea, my good lord! How ſtil the euening is,
As huſht on purpoſe to grace harmonie!
Prince. See you where *Benedicke* hath hid himſelfe? 36
Claud. O very wel, my lord! the muſique ended,
Weele fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.

Enter BALTHASER, (IACKE WILSON§) *with Muſicke.*

Prince. Come, *Balthaſer,* weele heare that ſong againe!
Balth. O, good my Lord, taxe not ſo bad a voice, 40
To ſlaunder muſicke any more then once!
Prince. It is the witneſſe ſtill of excellencie,
To put a ſtrange face on his owne perfection.[2]
I pray thee ſing; and let me wooe no more! 44
Balth. Becauſe you talke of wooing, I will ſing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his ſute
To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he ſweare he loues.
Prince. Nay, pray thee come; 48
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.
Balth. Note this before my notes:
Theres not a note of mine thats worth the noting!

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*23. *an*] F. and Q.
†29. *I*] F. Q om.
[1] *Musicke*] Q. *and Iacke Wilson* F.
(A Singer of Burbage's Company.)
§38-39. *Iacke . .*] F. See note [1].
[2] F repeats lines 42, 43.

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Prince. Why, theſe are very crotchets that he ſpeakes, 52
'Note notes', forſooth, and 'nothing.' [*Muſicke plays.*
Bene. [*aside*] Now, diuine aire! Now is his ſoule rauiſht! Is it not ſtrange that ſheepes guts ſhould hale ſoules out of mens bodies? Well, a horne for my mony, when alls done!

The Song.

Balth. *Sigh no more, Ladies! ſigh no more!*
Men were deceiuers euer:
One foote in ſea, and one on ſhore,
To one thing conſtant neuer! 60
Then ſigh not ſo, but let them go!
And be you blith and bonnie,
Conuerting all your ſoundes of woe,
Into 'hey nony, nony.' 64

Sing no more ditties, ſing no moe,
Of dumps ſo dull and heauy!
The fraud of men was euer ſo,
Since ſummer firſt was leauy. 68
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

Prince. By my troth, a good ſong!
Balth. And an ill ſinger, my Lord. 71
Prince. Ha, no! no, faith! thou ſingſt wel enough for a ſhift.
Ben. [*aside*] And he had bin a dog that ſhould haue howld thus, they would haue hangd him! and I pray God his bad voice bode no miſcheefe. I had as liue haue heard the night-rauen, come what plague could haue come after it! 76
Prince. Yea, mary, dooſt thou heare, *Balthaſar?* I pray thee get vs ſome excellent muſique; for to morow night we would haue it at the ladie *Heroes* chamber-window.
Balth. The beſt I can, my Lord. 80
Prince. Do ſo! farewell! [*Exit* BALTHASAR.] ¶ Come hither, *Leonato!* What was it you told mee of to-day? that your niece *Beatrice* was in loue with ſignior *Benedicke?*
Cla. ([*Aside*] O, I! ſtalke on, ſtalk on! the foule ſits.) I did neuer think that lady would haue loued any man. 85
Leo. No, nor I neither! But moſt wonderful, that ſhe ſhould ſo dote on ſignior *Benedicke*, whome ſhe hath in all outward behauiors ſeemd euer to abhorre!

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(*Bene.* Iſt poſſible? ſits the wind in that corner?)

Leo. By my troth, my Lord, I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but that ſhe loues him with an inraged affection. It is paſt the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be, ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough!

Leon. O God! 'counterfeit'? There was neuer counterfeit of paſſion, came ſo neare the life of paſſion as ſhe diſcouers it!

Prince. Why, what effects of paſſion ſhewes ſhe?

Claud. [*Aside*] Baite the hooke wel! this fiſh will bite.

Leon. What 'effects,' my Lord? ſhe wil ſit you, ... [*to* CLAU.] you heard my daughter tel you how.

Claud. She did indeede!

Prince. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me! I would haue thought her ſpirite had beene inuincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leo. I would haue ſworn it had, my Lord; eſpecially againſt *Benedicke.*

(*Bene.* I ſhould think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow ſpeakes it: knauery cannot, ſure, hide himſelf in ſuch reuerence.)

Claud. [*Aside*] He hath tane th'infection: hold it vp!

Prince. Hath ſhee made her affection knowne to *Benedicke?*

Leonato. No! and ſweares ſhee neuer will: thats her torment!

Claudio. Tis true, indeed; ſo your daughter ſaies: 'Shall I,' ſaies ſhe, 'that haue ſo oft encountred him with ſcorne, write to him that I loue him?'

Leo. This ſaies ſhe now when ſhe is beginning to write to him; for ſheel be vp twenty times a night; and there will ſhe fit in her ſmocke, til ſhe haue writ a ſheete of paper: my daughter tels vs all.

Clau. Now you talk of a ſheet of paper, I remember a prety ieſt your daughter told vs of.*

Leonato. O, when ſhe had writ it, and was reading it ouer, ſhe found *Benedicke* and *Beatrice* betweene the ſheete?

Claudio. That!

Leon. O, ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand halfpence; raild at her ſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt to write to one that

*121. *vs of*] F. of vs Q.

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ſhe knew would ſlout her: 'I meaſure him,' ſaies ſhe, 'by my own ſpirit; for I ſhould ſlout him, if he writ to me: yea, thogh I loue him, I ſhould!'

Clau. Then, downe vpon her knees ſhe falls; weepes, ſobs, beates her heart, teares her haire, prayes, curſes: 'O ſweet *Benedicke!* God giue me patience!'

Leonato. She doth indeed; my daughter ſaies ſo: and the extaſie hath ſo much ouerborne her, that my daughter is ſometime afeard ſhee will doe a deſperate out-rage to her ſelfe: it is very true!

Prince. It were good that *Benedicke* knew of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcouer it.

Claudio. To what end? He would make but a ſport of it, and torment the poore Lady worſe.

Prince. And he ſhould, it were an almes to hang him! Shees an excellent ſweete lady; and (out of all ſuſpition,) ſhe is vertuous!

Claudio. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

Prince. In euery thing but in louing *Benedicke.*

Leonato. O, my Lord! wiſedome and blood combating in ſo tender a body, we haue ten proofes to one, that bloud hath the victory. I am ſory for her, as I haue iuſt cauſe, beeing her vncle, and her gardian.

Prince. I would ſhee had beſtowed this dotage on mee! I would haue daſt all other reſpects, and made her halfe my ſelf. I pray you, tell *Benedicke* of it, and heare what a will ſay.

Leonato. Were it good, thinke you?

Claudio. Hero thinkes ſurely ſhe will die; for ſhe ſayes 'ſhee will die, if he loue her not; and ſhee will die ere ſhee make her loue knowne; and ſhe will die, if he wooe her, rather than ſhee will bate one breath of her accuſtomed croſneſſe.'

Prince. She doth well. If ſhee ſhoulde make tender of her loue, tis very poſſible heele ſcorne it; for the man (as you know all,) hath a contemptible ſpirite.

Claudio. He is a very proper man.

Prince. He hath, indeede, a good outward happines.

Claudio. Before God! and in my mind, very wiſe.

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139. *make but*] Q. but make F. 152. *a*] Q. he F.
161. *contemptible* = contemptuous.

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Prince. Hee dooth, indeede, ſhew ſome ſparkes that are like wit.

Claudio. And I take him to be valiant.

Prince. As *Hector*, I aſſure you! And in the mannaging of quarrels, you may ſay he is wiſe; for either hee auoydes them with great diſcretion, or vndertakes them with a moſt Chriſtianlike feare.

Leonato. If he do feare God, a muſt neceſſarily keep peace: if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a quarrel with feare and trembling.

Prince. And ſo will hee doe; for the man doth feare God, howſoeuer it ſeemes not in him by ſome large ieſtes hee will make. Well, I am ſory for your niece! Shall we goe ſeeke *Benedicke*, and tell him of her loue?

Claudio. Neuer tell him, my Lord! Let her weare it out with good counſell.

Leonato. Nay, thats impoſſible! Shee may weare her heart out firſt.

Prince. Well, we will heare further of it by your daughter: let it coole the while! I loue *Benedicke* wel; and I could wiſh he would modeſtly examine himſelfe, to ſee how much he is vnworthy ſo good a Lady.

Leonato. My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.

(*Claudio.* [*aside*] If he do not doate on her vppon this, I will neuer truſt my expectation.

Prince. [*aside*] Let there be the ſame Nette ſpread for her; and that muſt your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The ſporte will be, when they holde one an opinion of an others dotage, and no ſuch matter. Thats the Scene that I woulde ſee, which wil be meerely a dumbe ſhew. Let vs ſend her to call him in to dinner.) [*Exeunt.**

Benedicke. [*coming forward*] This can be no tricke! the conference was ſadly borne. They haue the trueth of this from *Hero!* They ſeeme to pittie the Lady: it ſeemes her affections haue their full bent. 'Loue' me! why, it muſt be requited. I heare how I am cenſurde: they ſay 'I will beare [200

167. *Claudio*] Q. Leonato F (perhaps better, as Claudio is a fellow-soldier of Benedicke's).
169. *say*] Q. see F.
186. *so*] to haue so F.
195. *Exeunt*] F.
199. *their*] Q. the F.

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my ſelfe prowdly, if I perceiue the loue come from her'; they ſay too, that 'ſhe will rather die, than giue anie ſigne of affection.' I did neuer thinke to marry; I muſt not ſeeme prowd. Happy are they that heare their detractions, and can put them to mending! They ſay the Lady is 'faire'; (tis a trueth; I can beare them witneſſe:) and 'vertuous'; (tis ſo, I cannot reprooue it;) and 'wiſe, but for louing me'. By my troth, it is no [207 addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her follie; for I will be horribly in loue with her! I may chaunce haue ſome odde quirkes and remnants of witte broken on me, becauſe I haue railed ſo long againſt marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loues the meate in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quippes and ſentences, and theſe paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the carreere of his [214 humor? No, the world muſt be peopled! When I ſaide 'I woulde die a batcheller,' I did not think I ſhould liue til I were married. Here comes *Beatrice!* By this day, ſhees a faire lady! I doe ſpie ſome markes of loue in her!

Enter BEATRICE.

Beatr. Againſt my will, I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Faire *Beatrice!* I thanke you for your paines.

Beat. I tooke no more paines for thoſe 'thankes', then you take paines to 'thanke' me. If it had bin painful, I would not haue come.

Bene. You take pleaſure, then, in the meſſage?

Beat. Yea, iuſt ſo much as you may take vppon a kniues point, and choake a daw withall. You haue no ſtomach, ſignior? Fare you well! [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! 'Againſt my will, I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner:' theres a double meaning in that! 'I took no more paines for thoſe thanks then you took pains to thank me:' thats as much as to ſay, 'Any pains that I take for you is as eaſy as thanks.' If I do not take pitty of her, I am a villaine! if I do not loue her, I am a *Iew!* I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

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*Actus Tertius.** *Scena Secunda.* [*Usually III. I.*]

LEONATOES *Orchard.*

Enter HERO, *and two* Gentlewomen, MARGARET, *and* VRSLEY.[1]

Hero. Good *Margaret*, runne thee to the parlour!
There ſhalt thou find my coſin *Beatrice*,
Propoſing with the prince and *Claudio:*
Whiſper her eare; and tell her, I and *Vrſley*[1]
Walke in the orchard, and our whole diſcourſe
Is all of her; ſay that thou ouer-heardſt vs;
And bid her ſteale into the pleachëd bowere,
Where hony-ſuckles, ripened by the ſunne,
Forbid the ſunne to enter: (like fauourites,
Made proud by Princes, that aduaunce their pride,
Againſt that power that bred it:) there will ſhe hide her,
To liſten our propoſe. This is thy office,
Beare thee well in it, and leaue vs alone!

Marg. Ile make her come, I warrant you, preſently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, *Vrſula!* when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley vp and downe,
Our talke muſt onely be of *Benedicke.*
When I do name him, let it be thy part,
To praiſe him more than euer man did merite:
My talke to thee muſt be, how *Benedicke*
Is ſicke in loue with *Beatrice.* Of this matter,
Is little *Cupids* crafty arrow made,
That onely wounds by heare-ſay. Now begin!

Enter BEATRICE.

For looke where *Beatrice*, like a Lapwing, runs
Cloſe by the ground, to heare our conference.

[**B.** *hides in the Bower.*

Vrſula. The pleaſantſt angling is to ſee the fiſh
Cut with her golden ores the ſiluer ſtreame,

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* *Actus Tertius*] F. *Gentlewomen*] Q. Gentlemen F.
[1] *Vrsley*] Q. Vrsula F.
12. *Propose*] Q. purpose F (notwithstanding the 'Proposing' of line 3. Cp. Cotgrave's '*Propos*... conference, chat').
23-4. *Enter*] F. after l. 25 in Q.

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And greedily deuoure the treacherous baite:
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who euen now
Is couchëd in the wood-bine couerture.
Feare you not my part of the dialogue!
Hero. Then go we neare her, that her eare looſe nothing
Of the falſe ſweete baite that we lay for it.
[*They neare the Bower.*
No, truly, *Vrſula*, ſhe is too diſdainfull!
I know her ſpirits are as coy and wild,
As Haggerds of the rocke.
Vrſula. But are you ſure,
That *Benedicke* loues *Beatrice* ſo intirely?
Hero. So ſaies the Prince, and my new trothëd Lord.
Vrſula. And did they bid you tel her of it, Madame?
Hero. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it;
But I perſwaded them, if they lou'de *Benedicke*,
To wiſh him wraſtle with affectïon,
And neuer to let *Beatrice* know of it.
Vrſula. Why did you ſo? Dooth not the Gentleman
Deſerue as full as fortunate a bed,
As euer *Beatrice* ſhall couch vpon?
Hero. O God of loue! I know he doth deſerue
As much as may be yeelded to a man:
But Nature neuer framde a womans hart,
Of prowder ſtuffe then that of *Beatrice:*
Diſdaine and Scorne ride ſparkling in her eies,
Miſprifing what they looke on; and her wit
Valewes it ſelfe ſo highly, that to her
All matter els ſeemes weake: ſhe cannot loue,
Nor take no ſhape nor proiect of affection,
She is ſo ſelfe indeared.
Vrſula. Sure, I thinke ſo;
And therefore certainely it were not good
She knew his loue, leſt ſhe* make ſport at it.
Hero. Why, you ſpeake truth! I neuer yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, yong, how rarely featured,
But ſhe would ſpel him backward: if faire-faced,
She would ſweare the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter;

*58. *she*] F. sheele Q.

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If blacke, why, Nature, drawing of an ántique,
Made a foule blot; if tall, a launce ill-headed;
If low, an agot very vildly cut;
If ſpeaking, why, a vane blowne with all winds;
If ſilent, why, a blocke mouëd with none!
So turnes ſhe euery man the wrong ſide out;
And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that
Which Simpleneſſe and Merite purchaſeth.
Vrſula. Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not cómmendable!
Hero. No! not to be ſo odde, and from all faſhions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be cómmendable.
But who dare tell her ſo? If I ſhould ſpeake,
She would mocke me into ayre! O, ſhe would laugh me
Out of my ſelfe, preſſe me to death with wit!
Therefore let *Benedicke*, like couerd fire,
Conſume away in ſighes, waſte inwardly:
It were a better death, then die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
Vrſula. Yet tel her of it! heare what ſhe wil ſay!
Hero. No! rather I will go to *Benedicke*,
And counſaile him to fight againſt his paſſion.
And, truly, Ile deuiſe ſome honeſt ſlaunders
To ſtaine my coſin with: one doth not know
How much an ill word may impoiſon liking.
Vrſula. O, do not do your coſin ſuch a wrong!
She cannot be ſo much without true iudgement,
(Hauing ſo ſwift and excellent a wit,
As ſhe is priſde to haue,) as to refuſe
So rare a Gentleman as Signior *Benedicke*.
Hero. He is the onely man of *Italy*,
Alwaies excepted my deare *Claudio*.
Vrſula. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,
Speaking my fancy: Signior *Benedicke*,
For ſhape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes formoſt in report through *Italy*.
Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
Vrſula. His excellence did earne it, ere he had it.
When are you married, Madame?

79. *then*] Q. to F.

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Hero. Why, euery day: to morrow. Come, go in!
Ile ſhew thee ſome attyres, and haue thy counſaile,
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to-morrow.
Vrſula. [*aside.*] Shees lined, I warrant you! We haue caught her, Madame!
Hero. [*aside.*] If it proue ſo, then louing goes by haps:
Some, *Cupid* kills with arrowes, ſome with traps! [*Exeunt.**
Beat. [*coming forward.*] What fire is in mine eares? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and ſcorne ſo much?
Contempt, farewel! and maiden pride, adew!
No glory liues behind the backe of ſuch.
¶ And, *Benedicke*, loue on! I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy louing hand.
If thou doſt loue, my kindneſſe ſhall incite thee
To bind our loues vp in a holy band;
For others ſay thou doſt deſerue; and I
Beleeue it better then reportingly! [*Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Tertia. [*Usually III. ii.*]

In LEONATOS *House.*

Enter PRINCE, CLAUDIO, BENEDICKE, *and* LEONATO.

Prince. I doe but ſtay til your marriage be conſummate, and then go I toward *Arragon.*
Claud. Ile bring you thither, my Lord, if youle vouchſafe me.
Prince. Nay, that would be as great a ſoyle in the new gloſſe of your marriage, as to ſhew a child his new coate, and forbid him to weare it! I wil only be bold with *Benedick* for his company; for, from the crowne of his head, to the [8 ſole of his foot, he is al mirth. He hath twice or thrice cut *Cupides* bow-ſtring, and the little Hang-man dare not ſhoot at him: he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinkes, his tongue ſpeakes.

101. *euery day* = immediately, without delay.—Daniel. *N. Sh. Soc. Trans.* 1877-79, p. 145.

104. *limed*] Q. tane F.
* *Exeunt*] Exit F.

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Bene. Gallants, I am not as I haue bin!

Leo. So ſay I! ¶ Me thinkes you are ſadder.

Clau. I hope he be in loue!

Prince. Hang him, truant! theres no true drop of bloud in him, to be truly toucht with loue; if he be ſadde, he wantes money.

Bene. I haue the tooth-ach.

Prince. Draw it!

Bene. Hang it!

Clau. You muſt 'hang' it firſt, and 'draw' it afterwards.

Prince. What! ſigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worme.

Bene. Wel, euery one can maſter a griefe, but he that has it!

Clau. Yet ſay I, he is in loue!

Prince. There is no appeerance of fancie in him, vnleſſe it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes: as, to be a *Dutch-man* to day, a *French-man* to morrow, or in the ſhape of [31 two countries at once, as a *Germaine* from the waſte downward, all ſlops, and a *Spaniard* from the hip vpward, no dublet! Vnleſſe he haue a fancie to this foolery, (as it appeares he hath,) he is no foole for fancy, as you would haue it appeare he is.

Clau. If he be not in loue with ſome woman, there is no beleeuing old ſignes: a bruſhes his hat a mornings! what ſhould that bode?

Prince. Hath any man ſeene him at the Barbers?

Clau. No! but the Barbers man hath bin ſeene with him; and the olde ornament of his cheeke hath already ſtufft tennis balls.

Leon. Indeed, he lookes yonger than he did, by the loſſe of a beard.

Prince. Nay, a rubs himſelfe with Ciuit! can you ſmell him out by that?

[*ſnatches* B.'s *handkerchief, & tosses it to* CL.

Claud. Thats as much as to ſay, the ſweete youthe's in loue.

*Prin.** The greateſt note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he woont to waſh his face?

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26. *can*] Pope. cannot Q, F. 31-33. *or . . . doublet*] only in Q. *49. *Prin.*] F. Bene. Q.

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Prince. Yea! or to paint himſelfe? for the which, I heare what they ſay of him.

Claud. Nay, but his ieſting ſpirit; which is now crept into a lute-ſtring, and now gouernd by ſtops.

Prince. Indeed, that tells a heauy tale for him: conclude, conclude, he is in loue!

Claud. Nay, but I know who loues him.

Prince. That would I know too! I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and in diſpight of al, dies for him!

Prince. She ſhall be buried with her face vpwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charme for the tooth-ake. [*To* LEO.] Old Signior, walke aſide with me! I haue ſtudied eight or nine wiſe wordes to ſpeake to you, which theſe hobby-horſes muſt not heare. [*Exeunt* BENEDICKE *&* LEONATO.

Prince. For my life, to breake with him about *Beatrice!*

Claud. Tis euen ſo. *Hero* and *Margaret* haue by this played their parts with *Beatrice;* and then the two Beares will not bite one another when they meete.

Enter IOHN *the* Baſtard.

Baſtard. My Lord and Brother, God ſaue you!

Prince. Good den, Brother!

Baſtard. If your leiſure ſeru'd, I would ſpeake with you.

Prince. In priuate?

Baſtard. If it pleaſe you. Yet Count *Claudio* may heare; for what I would ſpeake of, concernes him.

Prince. Whats the matter?

Baſt. [*to* CLAUDIO] Meanes your Lordſhip to be married to morrow?

Prince. You know he does.

Baſt. I know not that, when he knowes what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you diſcouer it!

Baſt. You may think I loue you not: let that appeare hereafter, and ayme better at me by that I now will manifeſt. For my Brother, I thinke he holdes you well, and in [85

56. *conclude*] Q. F om.

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deareneſſe of heart hath holpe to effect your enſuing mariage: ſurely, ſute ill ſpent, and labor ill beſtowed! 87

Prince. Why, whats the matter?

Baſt. I came hither to tel you; and, circumſtances ſhortned, (for ſhe has bin too long a talking of,) the Lady is diſloyall.

Clau. Who? *Hero?* 91

Baſtar. Euen ſhe! *Leonatoes Hero!* your *Hero!* euery mans *Hero!*

Clau. 'Diſloyall?' 94

Baſt. The word is too good to paint out her wickedneſſe. I could ſay ſhe were worſe. Thinke you of a worſe title, and I wil fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant! go but with me to night: you ſhall ſee her chamber window entred, euen the night before her wedding day! If you loue her then, to morow wed her: But it would better fitte your honour, to change your mind. 101

Claud. May this be ſo?

Prince. I wil not thinke it!

Baſt. If you dare not truſt that you ſee, confeſſe not that you knowe. If you will follow mee, I will ſhew you enough; and when you haue ſeene more, and heard more, proceede accordingly! 107

Claudio. If I ſee anie thing to night, why I ſhould not marry her to morrow; in the congregation, where I ſhould wed, there will I ſhame her!

Prince. And, as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I wil ioyne with thee to diſgrace her. 112

Baſtard. I will diſparage her no farther, till you are my witneſſes. Beare it coldely but till midnight, and let the iſſue ſhew it ſelfe! 115

Prince. O day vntowardly turned!

Claud. O miſchiefe ſtrangely thwarting!

Baſtard. O plague right well preuented! ſo will you ſay, when you haue ſeene the ſequele. [*Exeunt.** 119

*119. *Exeunt*] Exit F.

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Actus Tertius. Scena Quarta. [*Usually III. iii.*]

A Street in Messina.

Enter DOGBERY *and his compartner* VERGES, *with the Watch.*

Dog. [*to the* **Watch**] Are you good men and true?

Verges. Yea! or elſe it were pitty but they ſhould ſuffer ſaluation, body and ſoule.

Dog. Nay! that were a puniſhment too good for them, if they ſhould haue any allegeance in them, being choſen for the Princes Watch.

Verges. Well, giue them their charge, neighbour *Dogbery!*

Dogbery. Firſt: who thinke you the moſt deſartleſſe man to be Conſtable?

Watch 1. *Hugh Ote-cake,* ſir, or *George Sea-cole;* for they can write and reade.

Dogbery. Come hither, neighbor *Sea-cole!* God hath bleſt you with a good name: to be a welfauoured man, is the gift of Fortune; but to write and reade, comes by Nature.

Watch 2. [SEA-COLE] Both which, Maiſter Conſtable, ...

Dogbery. You haue: I knew it would be your anſwer. Wel, for your fauour, ſir; why, giue God thanks, and make no boaſt of it! and for your writing and reading, let that appeere when there is no neede of ſuch vanity! You are thought heere to be the moſt ſenſleſſe and fit man for the Conſtable of the Watch: therefore beare you the lanthorne! This is your charge: 'You ſhall comprehend all vagrom men. You are to bidde any man ſtand, in the Princes name.'

Watch 2. How if a will not ſtand?

Dogbery. Why, then take no note of him, but let him goe; and preſently call the reſt of the Watch together, and thanke God you are ridde of a knaue!

Verges. If he wil not ſtand when he is bidden, he is none of the Princes ſubiects.

Dogbery. True! and they are to meddle with none but the Princes ſubiects. ¶ 'You ſhall alſo make no noiſe in the

9. *Constable:* t. i. of the Watch (see l. 21).

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ſtreetes;' for, for the Watch to babble and to talke, is moſt tollerable, and not to be indured!

Watch 2. We will rather ſleepe than talke: we know what belongs to a Watch.

Dogbery. Why, you ſpeake like an antient and moſt quiet watchman; for I cannot ſee how ſleeping ſhould offend: onely, haue a care that your billes bee not ſtolne. Well, 'you are to cal at al the alehouſes; and bid thoſe that are drunke, get them to bed.'

Watch 2. How if they will not?

Dogbery. Why, then let them alone til they are ſober: if they make you not then the better anſwer, you may ſay, 'they are not the men you tooke them for.'

Watch 2. Well, ſir!

Dogbery. 'If you meete a thiefe, you may ſuſpect him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man:' and for ſuch kind of men, the leſſe you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honeſty.

Watch 2. If we know him to be a thiefe, ſhal we not lay hands on him?

Dogbery. Truely, by your office you may; but I thinke 'they that touch pitch will be defilde': the moſt peaceable way for you, if you doe take a thiefe, is, to let him ſhew himſelfe what he is, and ſteale out of your companie.

Verges. You haue beene alwayes called a mercifull manne, partner.

Dog. Truely, I would not hang a dogge by my will, much more a man who hath anie honeſtie in him!

Verges. 'If you heare a child crie in the night, you muſt call to the nurſe, and bid her ſtil it.'

Watch 2. How if the nurſe be aſleepe, and will not heare vs?

Dog. Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not heare her Lamb when it baes, will neuer anſwer a calfe when he bleates.

Verges. Tis very true!

Dog. This is the end of the charge: 'you, Conſtable, are to

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32. *to talke*] Q. talke F. 34, &c. *Watch* 2. (as he's their Constable).

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preſent the Princes owne perſon:' if you meete the Prince in the night, you may ſtay him.

Verges. Nay, birlady, that I thinke a cannot!

Dog. Fiue ſhillings to one on't, with any man that knowes the ſtatues, he may ſtay him! Mary, not without the Prince be willing; for, indeed, the Watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to ſtay a man againſt his will.

Verges. Birlady, I thinke it be ſo!

Dog. Ha, ah, ha! ¶ Wel, maſters, good night! and there be any matter of weight chaunces, cal vp me! keepe your fellowes counſailes, and your owne; and good night! ¶ Come, neighbour! [*Going.*

Watch 2. Well, maſters, we heare our charge. Let vs goe ſitte here vppon the church bench till twoo, and then all to bed! [DOG. *&* V. *come back.*

Dog. One word more, honeſt neighbors! I pray you watch about ſignior *Leonatoes* doore; for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night. Adiew! be vigitant, I beſeech you. [*Exeunt* DOGBERRY *&* VERGES.

Enter BORACHIO, *cupshotten, and* CONRADE.

Bor. What! *Conrade?*

Watch 2. [*aside*] Peace! ſtir not!

Bor. Conrade, I ſay!

Con. Here, man! I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Mas, and my elbow itcht: I thought there would a ſcabbe follow.

Con. I will owe thee an anſwer for that: and now, forward with thy tale!

Bor. Stand thee cloſe, then, vnder this penthouſe, for it driſſells raine; and I will, like a true drunckard, vtter all to thee.

Watch 2. [*aside.*] Some treaſon, maſters! yet ſtand cloſe!

Bor. Therefore know, I haue earned of Don* *Iohn* a thouſand Ducates.

Con. Is it poſſible that any villanie ſhould be ſo deare?

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73. *statues*] F. Statutes Q (F. more like Dogbery's blundering).

89. *Aside*] Rowe.

*100. *Don*] F. Dun Q.

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Bor. Thou ſhouldſt rather aske if it were poſſible any villanie ſhuld be ſo 'rich'? for when rich villains haue need of poor ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it! 106

Bor. That ſhewes thou art vnconfirm'd. Thou knoweſt that the faſhion of a dublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparell. 110

Bor. I meane, the faſhion.

Con. Yes, 'the faſhion' is the Faſhion.

Bor. Tuſh, I may as well ſay 'the foole's the foole!' But ſeeſt thou not what a deformed theefe this Faſhion is? 114

Watch 1. [*aside*] I know that 'Deformed'! a has bin a vile theefe this vij. yeere! a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

Bor. Didſt thou not heare ſome body? 118

Con. No! twas the vane on the houſe.

Bor. Seeſt thou not (I ſay) 'what a deformed thiefe this Faſhion is'? how giddily a turnes about all the Hot-blouds between foureteene and fiue-and-thirtie? ſometimes faſhioning them like *Pharaoes* ſouldiours in the rechie painting; ſometime like god *Bels* prieſts in the old church-window; ſometime like the ſhauen *Hercules* in the ſmircht worm-eaten tapeſtry, where his cod-peece ſeemes as maſſie as his club. 127

Con. Al this I ſee; and I ſee that the Faſhion weares out more apparrell then the man. But art not thou thy ſelfe giddy with the Faſhion too, that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the Faſhion? 131

Bor. Not ſo, neither: but know that I haue to night wooed *Margaret*, the Lady *Heroes* gentle-woman, by the name of *Hero*: ſhe leanes me out at her miſtris chamber window, bids me a thouſand times good night... I tell this tale vildly: I ſhould firſt tel thee how the Prince, *Claudio*, and my maſter, planted, and placed, and poſſeſſed, by my maſter Don *Iohn*, ſaw a farre off in the orchard this amiable incounter. 139

Conr. And thought they *Margaret* was *Hero?*

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140. *they*] Q. thy F.

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*Bor.** Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio;* but the diuel my maſter knew ſhe was *Margaret;* and partly by his oths, which firſt poſſeſt them; partly by the darke night, which did deceiue them; but chiefely, by my villany, which did confirme any ſlander that Don *Iohn* had made, away went *Claudio* enragde; ſwore he would meet her, (as he was apointed,) next morning at the Temple; and there, before the whole congregation, ſhame her with what he ſaw o're night, and ſend her home againe without a husband.

Watch 1. We charge you in the Princes name, Stand!

Watch 2. Call vppe the right maiſter Conſtable! Wee haue here recouerd the moſt dangerous peece of lechery, that euer was knowne in the Common wealth!

Watch 1. And one 'Deformed' is one of them; I know him! a weares a locke.

Conr. Maſters, maſters! . . .

Watch 2. Youle be made bring 'Deformed' forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Maſters! . . .

Watch 1. Neuer ſpeake! we charge you, let vs obey you to go with vs!

Bor. We are like to proue a goodly commoditie, being taken vp of theſe mens billes.

Conr. A 'commodity' in queſtion, I warrant you. ¶ Come! weele obey you! [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima. [*Usually III. iv.*]

Heroes *Chamber.*

Enter Hero, *and* Margaret, *and* Vrsula.

Hero. Good *Vrſula!* wake my coſin *Beatrice,* and deſire her to riſe!

Vrſula. I wil, Lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither!

Vrsula. Well. [*Exit.*

Marg. Troth, I thinke your other rebato were better.

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*141. *Bor*] F. Bar. Q.

159. *Masters . . .*] Theobald Masters, neuer, Q, F.

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Hero. No, pray thee, good *Meg*, ile weare this.

Marg. By my troth, 's not ſo good, and I warrant your Coſin will ſay ſo.

Hero. My Coſin's a foole, and thou art another! ile weare none but this!

Mar. I like the new tire within, excelently, if the haire were a thought browner; and your gown's a moſt rare faſhion, yfaith! I ſaw the Dutcheſſe of *Millaines* gowne that they praiſe ſo.

Hero. O, that exceedes, they ſay.

Marg. By my troth, 's but a night-gown in* reſpect of yours! cloth a gold, and cuts, and lac'd with ſiluer, ſet with pearles, downe ſleeues, ſide ſleeues, and skirts, round vnderborne with a blewiſh tinſell: but for a fine, queint, graceful, and excelent faſhion, yours is worth ten on't!

Hero. God giue me ioy to weare it! for my heart is exceeding heauy.

Marg. T'will be heauier ſoone, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie vpon thee! art not aſhamed?

Marg. Of what, Lady? of ſpeaking honourably? Is not 'marriage honourable' in a beggar? Is not your Lord honourable without mariage? I thinke you would haue me ſay, 'ſauing your reuerence, a husband': &[1] bad thinking do not wreſt true ſpeaking, ile offend no body. Is there any harm, in the 'heauier for a husband'? None, I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwiſe tis light, and not heauy: aske my Lady *Beatrice* els: here ſhe comes!

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, Coze!

Beat. Good morrow, ſweete *Hero!*

Hero. Why, how now? do you ſpeake in the ſicke tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

Mar. Clap's into '*Light a loue*': (that goes without a burden:) do you ſing it, and ile daunce it!

Beat. Ye, Light a loue, with your heels! then, if your

7, 10, 16, 22. *Hero*] Q. Bero F.
*17. *in*] F. it Q.
[1] & = and = if.
41. *Ye*] Q, F. Yes, Rowe; Yea Stevens (Capell conj.).

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husband haue ſtables enough, youle ſee he ſhall lacke no barnes.

Mar. O illegitimate conſtruction! I ſcorne that with my heeles!

Beat. Tis almoſt fiue a clocke, Cofin: tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: hey ho!

Mar. For a hauke, a horſe, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them al, H.

Mar. Wel, and you be not turnde *Turke*, theres no more ſayling by the ſtarre.

Beat. What meanes the foole, trow?

Mar. Nothing, I. But God ſend euery one their hearts deſire!

Hero. [*to* BEAT.] Theſe gloues the Counte ſent me; they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am ſtuft, Cofin; I cannot ſmell!

Mar. A maide, and 'ſtuft'! theres goodly catching of colde!

Beat. O, God help me, God help me! how long haue you profeſt apprehenſion?

Mar. Euer ſince you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not ſeene enough; you ſhould weare it in your cap. By my troth, I am ſicke!

Mar. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd *carduus benedictus*, and lay it to your heart: it is the onely thing for a qualme.

Hero. There thou prickſt her with a thiſſel.

Beat. '*Benedictus*'! why '*benedictus*'? you haue ſome moral in this *benedictus*.

Mar. 'Morall'? no, by my troth, I haue no 'morall' meaning; I meant, plaine holy-thiſſel. You may thinke, perchaunce, that I think you are in loue. Nay, birlady, I am not ſuch a foole to think what I liſt; nor I liſt not to thinke what I can; nor, indeed, I can not think, (if I would thinke my heart out of thinking,) that you are in loue, or that you will be in loue, or that you can be in loue. Yet *Benedicke* was ſuch another; and now is he become a man. He ſwore he would neuer marry; and yet now, in diſpight of his heart, he eates his meate without grudging. And how you may be conuerted,

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42. *see*] Q. looke F.

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I know not; but me thinkes you looke with your eies, as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepes?

Marg. Not a falſe gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Vrſula. Madame, withdraw! the Prince, the Count, ſignior *Benedicke*, Don *Iohn*, and all the gallants of the towne, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dreſſe me, good Coze, good *Meg*, good *Vrſula!* [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Secunda. [*Usually III. V.*]

In LEONATOES *House.*

Enter LEONATO, *and the* Conſtable (DOGBERY), *and the* Headborough (VERGES).

Leonato. What would you with me, honeſt neighbour?

Conſt. Dog. Mary, ſir, I would haue ſome confidence with you, that decernes you nearely.

Leonato. Briefe, I pray you! for you ſee it is a buſie time with me.

Conſt. Dog. Mary, this it is, ſir. . .

Headb. Yes, in truth it is, ſir.

Leonato. What is it, my good friends?

Con. Do. Goodman *Verges*, ſir, ſpeaks a little off the matter: an old man, ſir, and his wittes are not ſo blunt, as, God helpe, I would deſire they were; but in faith, honeſt, as the skin between his browes!

Head. Yes, I thank God, I am as honeſt as any man liuing, that is an old man, and no honeſter then I.

Conſt. Dog. 'Compariſons are odorous'; *palabras*![1] neighbour *Verges*.

Leonato. Neighbors, you are tedious.

Conſt. Dog. It pleaſes your worſhip to ſay ſo, but we are the poore Dukes officers; but truly, for mine owne part, if I

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9. *off*] Stevens. of Q, F.

[1] Span. *Palabras*, words.

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were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to beſtow it all of your worſhip.

Leonato. Al thy tediouſneſſe on me! ah!

Conſt. Dog. Yea, and 't twere a thouſand pound more than tis; for I heare as good exclamation on your Worſhippe, as of any man in the Citie; and though I be but a poore man, I am glad to heare it!

Head. And ſo am I!

Leonato. I would faine know what you haue to ſay.

Head. Mary, ſir, our watch to night, (excepting your worſhips preſence,) ha tane a couple of as arrant knaues as any in *Meſſina.*

Conſt. Dog. A good old man, ſir! he will be talking: as they ſay, 'When the age is in, the wit is out.' God help vs! it is a world to ſee! ¶ Well ſaid, yfaith, neighbour *Verges!* Well! 'God's a good man!'[1] 'And two men ride of a horſe, one muſt ride behind.' ¶ An honeſt ſoule, yfaith, ſir! by my troth he is, as euer broke bread. But God is to be worſhipt: all men are not alike! ¶ Alas, good neighbour!

Leonato. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too ſhort of you.

Conſt. Do. Gifts! that God giues!

Leonato. I muſt leaue you.

Conſt. Dog. One word, ſir! Our Watch, ſir, haue indeede comprehended two aſpitious perſons; and wee would haue them this morning examined before your Worſhip.

Leonato. Take their examination your ſelfe, and bring it me! I am now in great haſte, as it may appeare vnto you.

Conſtable. It ſhall be ſuffigance.

Leonato. Drinke ſome wine ere you goe: fare you well

Enter a **Messenger.**

Meſſenger. My lord! they ſtay for you, to giue your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait vpon them. I am ready.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO *&* **Messenger.**

Dogb. Go, good partner! goe get you to *Francis Sea-cole!*

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23. *pound*] Q. times F.

[1] God's a good Man. *Lusty Juventers* (ab. 1550). Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, ii. 73.

46. *it*] Q. F om.

51-2. *Exeunt*] Exit Q, F, after l. 48.

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bid him bring his penne and inckehorne to the Gaole: we are now to examination theſe men.

Verges. And we muſt do it wiſely.

Dogbery. We will ſpare for no witte, I warrant you: heeres that [*taps his forehead*] ſhall driue ſome of them to a noncome! Only get the learned writer to ſet downe our excommunication, and meet me at the Iaile! [*Exeunt.**

Actus Quartus.† *Scena Tertia.* [*Usually IV. i.*]

Enter PRINCE, BASTARD, LEONATO, FRIER FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICKE, HERO, *and* BEATRICE.

Leonato. Come, Frier *Francis*, be briefe! onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you ſhall recount their particular dueties afterwards.

Fran. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady?

Claudio. No!

Leo. To bee married to her: Frier, you come to marry her.

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Counte?

Hero. I do.

Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment why you ſhould not be conioyned, I charge you on your ſoules, to vtter it.

Claudio. Know you any, *Hero?*

Hero. None, my Lord!

Frier. Know you any, Counte?

Leonato. I dare make his anſwer, None!

Clau. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Bene. Howe nowe! interiections? Why, then; ſome be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!

Claudio. Stand thee by, Frier! [*To* LEON.] Father, by your leaue,
Will you with free and vnconſtrainëd ſoule
Giue me this maide, your daughter?

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54. *examination*] Q. examine F.
*59. *Exeunt*] F.
†*Actus Quartus*] F.
17. *not . . . do*] Q. F om.
19. *ah*] Q. ha F.

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Leonato. As freely, ſonne, as God did giue her mee.
Claudio. And what haue I to giue you backe, whoſe woorth
May counterpoiſe this rich and pretious gift?
Prince. Nothing, vnleſſe you render her againe.
Claudio. Sweete Prince, you learne me noble thankfulnes.
¶ There, *Leonato!* take her backe againe!
Giue not this rotten Orenge to your friend!
Shee's but the ſigne and ſemblance of her honor.
Behold, how like a maide ſhe bluſhes heere!
O, what authoritie and ſhew of truth,
Can cunning ſinne couer it ſelfe withall!
Comes not that blood, as modeſt euidence,
To witneſſe ſimple Vertue? would you not ſweare,
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maide,
By theſe exterior ſhewes? But ſhe is none!
She knowes the heate of a luxurious bed:
Her bluſh is guiltineſſe, not modeſtie!
Leonato. What do you meane, my Lord?
Claudio. Not to be married,
Not to knit my ſoule, to an approouëd wanton!
Leonato. Deere my Lord! if you, in your owne proofe,
Haue vanquiſht the reſiſtance of her youth,
And made defeate of her virginitie, . . .
Claudio. I know what you would ſay: if I haue knowne her,
You will ſay, ſhe did imbrace me as a husband,
And ſo extenuate the forehand ſinne:
No, *Leonato!*
I neuer tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhewed
Baſhfull ſinceritie, and comelie loue.
Hero. And ſeemde I euer otherwiſe to you?
Claudio. Out on thee! Seeming! I wil write againſt it,
'You ſeeme to me as *Diane* in her Orbe,
As chaſte as is the budde ere it be blowne;
But you are more intemperate in your blood,
Than *Venus*, or thoſe pampred animalls
That rage in ſauage ſenſualitie.'

23. *Leonato*] Leonata Q. Leon F. 26. *Prince*] Princn Q. Prin. F.

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Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth ſpeake ſo wide?
Leonato. Sweete Prince! why ſpeake not you?
Prince. What ſhould I ſpeake?
I ſtand diſhonourd, that haue gone about,
To lincke my deare friend to a common ſtale.
Leonato. Are theſe things ſpoken, or do I but dreame?
Baſtard. Sir, they are ſpoken; and theſe things are true!
Bened. This lookes not like a nuptiall.
Hero. True, O God!
Claud. Leonato, ſtand I here?
Is this the Prince? is this the Princes Brother?
Is this face *Heroes?* are our eies our owne?
Leonato. All this is ſo: but what of this, my Lord?
Claud. Let me but moue one queſtion to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you haue in her, bid her anſwer truly!
Leonato. [*to* H.] I charge thee do ſo, as thou art my child!
Hero. O God defend me! how am I beſet!
¶ What kind of catechiſing call you this?
Claud. To make you anſwer truly to your name
Hero. Is it not *Hero?* Who can blot that name
With any iuſt reproch?
Claud. Mary, that can *Hero!*
Hero it ſelfe can blot out *Heroes* vertue.
What man was he, talkt with you yeſternight,
Out at your window, betwixt twelue and one?
Now, if you are a Maide, anſwer to this!
Hero. I talkt with no man at that hower, my Lord.
Prince. Why, then are you no Maiden! ¶ *Leonato,*
I am ſory you muſt heare: Vpon mine honor,
My ſelfe, my Brother, and this grieuëd Counte,
Did ſee her, heare her, at that howre laſt night,
Talke with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath indeede, moſt like a liberall villaine,
Confeſt the vile encounters they haue had
A thouſand times in ſecret.
Iohn. Fie! fie! they are not to be named, my Lord,
Not to be ſpoke of:

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73. *so*] Q. F om. 93. *spoke*] Q. spoken F.

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There is not chaſtitie enough in language,
Without offence to vtter them! ¶ Thus, pretty Lady,
I am ſory for thy much miſgouernement.
Claud. O *Hero!* what a *Hero* hadſt thou bin,
If halfe thy outward graces had bin placed
About thy thoughts, and counſailes of thy heart!
But fare thee well, moſt foule, moſt faire! Farewell,
Thou pure impietie, and impious puritie!
For thee ile locke vp all the gates of Loue,
And on my eie-liddes ſhall Conieƈture hang,
To turne all Beautie into thoughts of harme;
And neuer ſhall it more be gracious!
Leonato. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?
[HERO *swounds.* BEAT. *catches her.*
Beatrice. Why, how now, Coſin! wherfore ſinke you down?
Baſtard. Come, let vs go! theſe things, come thus to light,
Smother her ſpirits vp.
[*Exeunt the* PRINCE, DON IOHN, *&* CLAUDIO.
Benedicke. [*to* BEAT.] How doth the Lady?
Beatrice. Dead, I thinke! ¶ Help, vncle! ¶ *Hero!* why, *Hero!* ¶ Vncle! ¶ Signior *Benedicke!* ¶ Frier!
Leonato. O Fate! take not away thy heauy hand
Death is the faireſt couer for her ſhame
That may be wiſht for.
Beatrice. How now, coſin *Hero?*
Frier. Haue comfort, Lady!
Leonato. Doſt thou looke vp?
Frier. Yea, wherefore ſhould ſhe not?
Leonato. 'Wherfore?' Why, doth not euery earthly thing
Cry ſhame vpon her? Could ſhe here deny
The ſtory that is printed in her bloud?
¶ Do not liue, *Hero!* do not ope thine eies!
For, did I thinke thou wouldſt not quickly die,
Thought I thy ſpirites were ſtronger than thy ſhames,
My ſelfe would, on the rereward of reproches,
Strike at thy life! Grieued I, I had but one?
Chid I for that, at frugall Natures frame?
O! one too much by thee! Why had I one?

123. *rereward*] Q. reward F.

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Why euer waſt thou louely in my eies?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Tooke vp a beggars iſſue at my gates,
Who, ſmirchëd thus, and mired with infamy,
I might haue ſaid, 'No part of it is mine;
This ſhame deriues it ſelfe from vnknowne loynes'!
But mine! and mine I loued! and mine I praiſde!
And mine that I was prowd on! mine ſo much,
That I my ſelfe, was to my ſelfe not mine,
Valewing of her!—Why, She! O! ſhe is falne
Into a pit of incke, that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few to waſh her cleane againe,
And ſalt too little, which may ſeaſon giue
To her foule tainted fleſh!
Ben. Sir, ſir! be patient!
For my part, I am ſo attired in wonder,
I know not what to ſay.
Beat. O! on my ſoule! my coſin is belied!
Bene. Lady! were you her bedfellow laſt night?
Beat. No truly, not; although, vntill laſt night,
I haue this tweluemonth bin her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirmd! confirmd! O! that is ſtronger made,
Which was before bard vp with ribs of yron!
Would the two Princes lie? and *Claudio* lie,
Who loued her ſo, that, ſpeaking of her foulenеſſe,
Waſht it with teares? Hence from her! let her die!
Frier. Heare me a little!
For I haue only bin ſilent ſo long,
& giuen way vnto this courſe of fortune,
By noting of the Lady. I haue markt
A thouſand bluſhing apparitïons
To ſtart into her face, a thouſand innocent ſhames,
(In angel whiteneſſe,) beate away thoſe bluſhes;
And in her eie, there hath appeard a fire,
To burne the errors that theſe Princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth. Call me a foole;
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſeruations,
Which with experimental ſeale doth warrant

130. *smirchad*] Q. smeered F. 158. *beate*] Q. beare F.

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The tenure of my booke; truſt not my age,
My reuerence, calling, nor diuinitie,
If this ſweete Ladie lie not guiltleſſe here,
Vnder ſome biting errour!
Leonato. Frier, it cannot be!
Thou ſeeſt that al the grace that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe will not adde to her damnation
A ſinne of periury: ſhe not denies it!
Why ſeekſt thou then, to couer with excuſe,
That which appeares in proper nakedneſſe?
Frier. Lady! what man is he you are accuſde of?
Hero. They know that do accuſe me. I know none!
If I know more of any man aliue
Then that which maiden modeſty doth warrant,
Let all my ſinnes lacke mercie! [*To* LEON.] O my Father!
Proue you that any man with me conuerſt
At houres vnmeete, or that I yeſternight
Maintaind the change of words with any creature,
Refuſe me, hate me, torture me to death!
Frier. There is ſome ſtrange miſpriſion in the Princes.
Bene. Two of them haue the very bent of honour;
And if their wiſedomes be miſled in this,
The practiſe of it liues in *Iohn* the Baſtard,
Whoſe ſpirites toyle in frame of villanies.
Leonato. I know not. If they ſpeake but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall teare her! If they wrong her honour,
The prowdeſt of them ſhal wel heare of it!
Time hath not yet ſo dried this bloud of mine,
Nor Age ſo eate vp my inuentïon,
Nor Fortune made ſuch hauocke of my meanes,
Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall find, awakte in ſuch a kind,
Both ſtrength of limbe, and policy of mind,
Ability in meanes, and choiſe of friends,
To quit me of them throughly!
Frier. Pawſe awhile,
And let my counſell ſway you in this caſe!
Your Daughter here, the Princes left for dead:

164. *tenure* = tenour.
199. *Princes* &c.] Theobald. princesse (left for dead) Q, F.

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Let her awhile be ſecretly kept in,
And publiſh it, that ſhe is dead indeede;
Maintaine a mourning oſtentatïon,
And on your families old monument,
Hang mourneful epitaphes, and do all rites
That appertaine vnto a buriall.
Leon. What ſhall become of this? what will this do?
Frier. Mary, this well caried, ſhall, on her behalfe,
Change ſlaunder to remorſe: that is ſome good:
But not for that, dreame I on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this trauaile looke for greater birth:
She dying, (as it muſt be ſo maintaind,)
Vpon the inſtant that ſhe was accuſde,
Shall be lamented, pittied, and excuſde
Of euery hearer: for it ſo falls out,
That what we haue, we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enioy it; but being lackt and loſt,
Why, then we racke the valew, then we find
The vertue that poſſeſſion would not ſhew vs
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with *Claudio:*
When hee ſhall heare ſhe died vpon his words,
Th'Idæa of her life ſhall ſweetly creepe
Into his ſtudy of imagination,
And euery louely Organ of her life
Shall come apparelld in more precious habite,
More moouing, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eie and proſpect of his ſoule,
Then when ſhe liude indeed. Then ſhall he mourne,
If euer Loue had intereſt in his liuer,
And wiſh he had not ſo accuſed her;
No, though he thought his accuſation true!
Let this be ſo; and doubt not but ſucceſſe
Will faſhion the euent in better ſhape
Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.
But if all ayme but this be leuelld falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the Ladies death
Will quench the wonder of her infamie.
And if it ſort not wel, you may conceale her,
As beſt befits her wounded reputation,
In ſome recluſiue and religious life,

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Out of all eies, tongues, minds, and iniuries.
Bene. Signior *Leonato!* let the Frier aduiſe you!
And though you know my inwardneſſe and loue
Is very much vnto the Prince and *Claudio*,
Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As ſecretly and iuſtly as your ſoule
Should with your body!
Leon. Being that I flow in griefe,
The ſmalleſt twine may leade me.
Frier. Tis wel conſented: preſently away!
For, to ſtrange ſores, ſtrangely they ſtraine the cure.
¶ Come, Lady! die to liue! this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd. Haue patience and endure!
[*Exeunt all but* BENEDICKE *and* BEATRICE.
Bene. Lady *Beatrice!* haue you wept al this while?
Beat. Yea! and I will weep a while longer.
Bene. I will not deſire that.
Beat. You haue no reaſon. I do it freely.
Bene. Surely I do beleeue your faire coſin is wronged.
Beat. Ah! how much might the man deſerue of me that would right her!
Bene. Is there any way to ſhew ſuch friendſhip?
Beat. A very euen way, but no ſuch friend.
Bene. May a Man do it?
Beat. It is a Mans office, but not yours.
Bene. I doe loue nothing in the worlde ſo well as you! is not that ſtrange?
Beat. As ſtrange as the thing I knowe not. It were as poſſible for me to ſay, 'I loued nothing ſo wel as you': but beleue me not; and yet I lie not: I confeſſe nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am ſory for my coſin.
Bened. By my ſword, *Beatrice*, thou loueſt me!
Beat. Do not ſweare by it,† and eat it.
Bened. I will ſweare by it that you loue me; and I wil make him eate it, that ſayes I loue not you.
Beat. Will you not eate your word?
Bened. With no ſawce that can be deuiſed to it! I proteſt I loue thee!

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*251. *Exeunt* &c.] exit Q, F. 270. *sweare by it*] F. sweare Q.

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Beat. Why then, God forgiue me! 276
Bened. VVhat offence, ſweete *Beatrice?*
Beat. You haue ſtayed me in a happy houre. I was about to proteſt I loued you.
Bened. And do it, with all thy heart! 280
Beat. I loue you with ſo much of my heart, that none is left to proteſt.
Bened. Come! bid me doe any thing for thee!
Beat. Kill *Claudio!* 284
Bened. Ha! not for the wide world!
Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell! [*Turns to go.*
Bened. Tarry, ſweete *Beatrice!* [*He holds her.* 287
Beat. I am gone, though I am here. There is no loue in you! Nay, I pray you let me go!
Bened. Beatrice! [*She struggles with him.*
Beat. In faith, I will go. 291
Bened. VVeele be friends firſt.
Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with mee, than fight with mine enemy.
Bened. Is *Claudio* thine enemy? 295
Beat. Is a not approoued in the height a villaine, that hath ſlaundered, ſcorned, diſhonored my kinſwoman? O that I were a man! What! beare her in hand, vntill they come to take handes; and then, with publike accuſation, vncouerd ſlaunder, vnmittigated rancour! . . . O God, that I were a man! I woulde eate his heart in the market place! 301
Bened. Heare me, *Beatrice!* . . .
Beat. 'Talke with a man out at a window!' A proper ſaying!
Bened. Nay, but *Beatrice* 305
Beat. Sweete *Hero!* ſhe is wrongd! ſhe is ſlaundred! ſhee is vndone!
Bened. Beat 308
Beat. Princes and Counties! ſurely a Princely teſtimonie, a goodly Counte! Counte Comfect! a ſweete Gallant, ſurely! O that I were a Man for his ſake! or that I had any friend woulde be a Man for my ſake! But Manhoode is melted into curſies, Valour into complement, and Men are only

286. *if*] Q. F om. 310. *Counte Counte*] Q. Counte F.

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turnd into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tels a lie, and ſweares it! I cannot be a Man with wiſhing; therfore I will die a Woman with grieuing! [*Turns to go.* 317

Bened. Tarry, good *Beatrice!* By this hand, I loue thee!

Beatrice. Vſe it for my loue ſome other way than ſwearing by it. 320

Bened. Thinke you in your ſoule, the Count *Claudio* hath wrongd *Hero?*

Beatrice. Yea! as ſure as I haue a thought, or a ſoule! 323

Bened. Enough! I am engagde! I will challenge him! I will kiſſe your hand; and ſo I leaue you. By this hand, [*kissing & holding it*] *Claudio* ſhal render me a deere account! As you heare of me, ſo think of me! Goe comforte your Cooſin! I muſt ſay ſhe is dead; and ſo, farewell! [*Exeunt.* 328

Actus Quartus. Scena Quarta. [*Usually IV. II.*]

Enter the Conſtables (**Kemp** *as* **Dogberry**, *&* **Cowley** *as* **Verges**) *and the* Towne clearke (**Francis Sea-cole**, *the* **Sexton**) *in gownes; & the* **Watch** *with* Borachio* *and* **Conrade**.

Kemp. (**Dogb.**) Is our whole diſſembly appeard?

Cowley. (**Verges.**) O, a ſtoole and a cuſhion for the Sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Kemp. (**Dogb.**) Mary, that am I, and my partner. 4

Cowley. (**Verges.**) Nay thats certaine! We haue the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? Let them come before Maiſter Conſtable. 8

Kemp. (**Dogb.**) Yea, Mary, let them come before mee! [*To* **Bor.**] What is your name, friend?

Bor. Borachio. 11

Ke. (**Dogb.**) Pray write downe '*Borachio*'. [*To* **Con.**] Yours, ſirra?

Con. I am a Gentleman, ſir, and my name is *Conrade.*

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* Q, F put *Borachio* after *Constables.* 1. *Kemp*] Keeper Q, F. 4. *Kemp* (*Dogb.*)] Andrew Q, F.

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Ke. (**Dogb.**) Write downe, 'Maiſter gentleman *Conrade.*' ¶ Maſters, do you ſerue God?

Both. Yea, ſir, we hope.

Kem. (**Dogb.**) Write downe, that 'they hope they ſerue God': and write 'God' firſt; for God defend but God ſhoulde goe before ſuch villaines! ¶ Maiſters, it is prooued alreadie that you are little better than falſe knaues; and it will go neere to be thought ſo ſhortly. How anſwer you for your ſelues?

Con. Mary, ſir, we ſay we are none!

Kemp. (**Dogb.**) (A maruellous witty fellowe, I aſſure you! but I will go about with him!) [*To* **Bor.**] Come you hither, ſirra! a word in your eare! Sir, I ſay to you, it is thought you are falſe knaues!

Bor. 'Sir, I ſay to you,' we are none!

Kemp. (**Dogb.**) VVel, ſtand aſide! ¶ Fore God, they are both in a tale! Haue you writ downe, that 'they are none'?

Sexton. Maſter Conſtable! you go not the way to examine: you muſt call foorth the Watch that are their accuſers.

Kemp. (**Dogb.**) Yea, mary, thats the efteſt way. Let the Watch come forth! ¶ Maſters, I charge you in the Princes name, accuſe theſe men!

Watch 1. [*points to* **Bor.**] This man ſaid, ſir, that don *Iohn*, the Princes brother, was a villaine!

Kemp. (**Dogb.**) Write downe, 'prince *Iohn* a villaine': why! this is flat periurie! to call a Princes brother 'villaine'!

Borachio. Maiſter Conſtable! . . . .

Kemp. (**Dogb.**) Pray thee, fellowe, peace! I doe not like thy looke, I promiſe thee.

Sexton. [*to* **Watch**] VVhat heard you him ſay elſe?

Watch 2. Mary, that he had receiued a thouſand Duckats of don *Iohn*, for accuſing the Ladie *Hero* wrongfully.

Kemp. (**Dogb.**) Flat Burglarie as euer was committed!

Conſt. (**Verges**) Yea, by maſſe, that it is.

Sexton. VVhat elſe, fellow?

Watch 1. And that Counte *Claudio* did meane, vppon his wordes, to diſgrace *Hero* before the whole aſſemblie, and not marrie her.

17-20. *Both . . . villaines*] Q. F om.
48. *by*] Q. by th' F.

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Kemp. (**Dogb.**) O villaine! thou wilt be condemnd into euerlaſting redemption for this!

Sexton. VVhat elſe?

Watch. 1. This is all.

Sexton. [*to* **Bor.** *&* **C.**] And this is more, Maſters, then you can deny! Prince *Iohn* is this morning ſecretlie ſtolne awaie: *Hero* was in this manner accuſde, in this verie manner refuſde, and vppon the griefe of this, ſodainlie died. ¶ Maiſter [60 Conſtable, let theſe men be bound, and brought to *Leonatoes!* I will goe before, and ſhew him their examination.

[*Exit.*

Conſtable. (**Dogb.**) Come, let them be opiniond!

Couley. (**Verges**) Let them be in the . . .

[*The* **Watch** *ſeize* **Bor.** *&* **Con.**

Con. Hands off, Coxcombe!

Kemp. (**Dogb.**) Gods my life! wheres the Sexton? let him write down the Princes officer 'Coxcombe'! ¶ Come, bind them! [*To* **Con.**] Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an aſſe! you are an aſſe!

Kemp. (**Dogb.**) Dooſt thou not ſuſpect my place? dooſt thou not ſuſpect my yeeres? ¶ O that he were here to write me downe an 'aſſe'! ¶ But, Maiſters, remember that I am [72 an 'aſſe'! Though it bee not written downe, yet forget not that I am an 'aſſe'! ¶ No, thou villaine! thou art full of pietie, as ſhal be proude vpon thee by good witnes. I am a wiſe fellow; and, (which is more,) an Officer; (and [76 which is more,) a Houſholder; and (which is more,) as pretty a peece of fleſh as anie is in *Meſſina*, and one that knowes the Law, (goe to!) and a rich fellow enough, (go to!) and a fellow that hath had loſſes; and one that hath two [80 gownes, and euery thing hanſome about him! ¶ bring him away! ¶ O that I had bin writ downe an 'aſſe'!

[*Exeunt.*

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61. *Leonatoes*] Q. Leonato F.
64. *Couley*] Q. Sex. F.
64. *the . . . Hands*] T. Rochfort-Smith. the hands of Coxcombe Q, F.
69. *Con.*] Couley Q, F.
78. *is*] Q. F om.
82. *Exeunt.*] Exit. Q, F.

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*Actus Quintus.** *Scena Prima.*

Before LEONATOES *House.*

Enter LEONATO *and his brother* ANTHONIO.

Brother. If you go on thus, you will kill your ſelfe:
And tis not wiſedome, thus to ſecond griefe
Againſt your ſelfe.
Leonato. I pray thee ceaſe thy counſaile,
Which falles into mine eares as profitleſſe
As water in a ſyue. Giue not me counſaile!
Nor let no comforter delight mine eare,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs doe ſute with mine!
Bring me a father that ſo lou'd his child,
Whoſe ioy, of her is ouer-whelmd like mine,
And bid him ſpeake of patience!
Meaſure his woe the length and bredth of mine,
And let it anſwer euery ſtraine for ſtraine,
(As thus for thus, and ſuch a griefe for ſuch,)
In euery lineament, branch, ſhape, and forme:
If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard,
And ſorrow wagge[1], crie 'hem!' when he ſhould grone,
Patch griefe with prouerbes, make misfortune drunke
With candle-waſters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patïence.
But there is no ſuch man! for, brother, men
Can counſaile, and ſpeake comfort to, that griefe
Which they themſelues not feele; but taſting it,
Their counſaile turnes to paſſion, which before,
Would giue preceptiall medicine* to rage,
Fetter ſtrong madneſſe in a ſilken thred,
Charme ach with ayre, and agony with words:
No, no! tis all mens office, to ſpeake patience

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* *Actus Quintus*] F.
6. *comforter*] Q. comfort F.
7. *doe*] Q. doth F.
[1] 16. *Sorrow* is the object of the verb, *wagge* being transitive here, like Span. '*menear*, to wag, to weald, to shake off' (Minshew), and Fr. '*mouvoir*, to moue, stirre; iog, wag; to remoue' (Cotgrave).
*24. *medicine*] F. medcine Q.

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To thoſe that wring vnder the loade of ſorrow,
But no mans vertue nor ſufficiencie,
To be ſo morall, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelfe. Therefore giue me no counſaile!
My griefes crie lowder then aduertiſement!
Brother. Therein do men, from children nothing differ.
Leonato. I pray thee, peace! I wil be fleſh and bloud;
For there was neuer yet Philoſopher,
That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,
How euer they haue writ the ſtile of gods,
And made a puſh at chance and ſufferance.
Brother. Yet bend not all the harme vpon your ſelfe;
Make thoſe that do offend you, ſuffer too!
Leonato. There thou ſpeakſt reaſon. Nay, I will do ſo!
My ſoule doth tell me, *Hero* is belied;
And that ſhall *Claudio* know; ſo ſhall the Prince,
And all of them that thus diſhonour her.
Brother. Here comes the Prince and *Claudio* haſtily.

Enter PRINCE *and* CLAUDIO.

Prince. Good den, good den!
Claudio. Good day to both of you!
Leonato. Heare you, my Lords!
Prince. We haue ſome haſte, *Leonato.*
Leonato. 'Some haſte,' my Lord! Well, fare you well, my Lord!
Are you ſo 'haſty' now? wel, all is one.
Prince. Nay, do not quarrel with vs, good old man.
Brother. If he could right himſelfe with quarrelling,
Some of vs would lie low.
Claudio. Who wrongs him?
Leona. Mary, thou doſt wrong me, thou diſſembler, thou!
Nay, neuer lay thy hand vpon thy ſword! [CL. *grasps his sword-hilt.*
I feare thee not!
Claudio. [*letting go his hold*] Mary, beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould giue your age ſuch cauſe of feare.
Infaith, my hand meant nothing to my ſword.
Leonato. Tuſh, tuſh, man! neuer fleere and ieſt at me!
I ſpeake not like a dotard, nor a foole,

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As vnder priuiledge of age to bragge
What I haue done, being yong. or what would doe
Were I not old. Know, *Claudio*, to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrongd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forſt to lay my reuerence by,
And, with grey haires, and bruiſe of many daies,
Do challenge thee to triall of a man!
I ſay, Thou haſt belied mine innocent child!
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lies buried with her anceſtors;
O! in a toomb where neuer ſcandal ſlept,
Saue this of hers, framde by thy villanie!
Claudio. My 'villany'?
Leonato. Thine, *Claudio!* thine, I ſay!
Prince. You ſay not right, old man.
Leonato. My Lord, my Lord,
Ile prooue it on his body, if he dare,
Diſpight his nice fence, and his actiue practiſe,
His Maie of youth, and bloome of luſtihood!
Claudio. Away! I will not haue to doe with you!
Leonato. Canſt thou ſo daffe me? Thou haſt kild my child!
If thou kilſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man!
Brother. He ſhal kill two of vs, and men indeed:
But thats no matter; let him kill one firſt;
Win me and weare me; let him anſwer me!
¶ Come, follow me, boy! Come, ſir boy! come, follow me,
Sir boy! ile whip you from your foyning fence!
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will!
Leonato. Brother! . . .
Brother. Content your ſelf! God knowes, I loued my Neece,
And ſhe is dead! ſlanderd to death by villaines,
That dare as well anſwer a man indeed,
As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue:
Boyes! apes! braggarts! Iackes! milke-ſops!
Leonato. Brother *Anthony!* . . .
Brother. Hold you content! What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, euen to the vtmoſt ſcruple:
Scambling, out-facing, faſhion-monging boies,

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That lie, and cogge, and flout, depraue, and ſlaunder,
Go antiquely, ſhew outward hidiouſneſſe,
And ſpeake off halfe a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt;
And this is all!

Leonato. But, brother *Anthonie!* . . .

Brother. Come, tis no matter!
Do not you meddle! let me deale in this!

Prince. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
¶ My heart is ſory for your daughters death;
But, on my honour, ſhe was chargde with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proofe.

Leonato. My Lord, my Lord! . . .

Prince. I will not heare you!

Leo. No? ¶ come, brother! away! I wil be heard!

Bro. And ſhal, or ſome of vs wil ſmart for it.

[*Exeunt ambo.**

Prince. See, ſee! heere comes the man we went to ſeeke!

Enter BENEDICKE.†

Claud. Now, Signior! what newes?

Bened. [*to the* PRINCE.] Good day, my Lord!

Prince. Welcome, Signior! you are almoſt come to parte almoſt a fray.

Claud. Wee had like to haue had our two noſes ſnapt off with two old men without teeth.

Prince. Leonato and his Brother! What thinkſt thou? Had we fought, I doubt we ſhould haue beene too yong for them.

Bened. In a falſe quarrel there is no true valour. I came to ſeeke you both.

Claud. We haue beene vp and downe to ſeeke thee; for we are high proofe melancholie, and would faine haue it beaten away? Wilt thou vſe thy wit?

Bened. It is in my ſcabberd: ſhal I drawe it?

Prince. Doeſt thou weare thy wit by thy ſide?

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96. *ſhew*] and shew Q, F.
97. *off*] Theobald. of Q, F.
100. *Brother*] Ant. F.
*108. *ambo*] F. amb. Q (both at l. 107.
†109. *Benedicke*] F (at l. 106). Ben. Q (at l. 108).
114. *like*] likt Q, F.

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Claud. Neuer any did ſo, though very many haue been beſide their wit. I will bid thee drawe, as wee doe the minſtrels: draw, to pleaſure vs.

Prince. As I am an honeſt man, he lookes pale! ¶ Art thou ſicke, or angry?

Claud. What! Courage, man! What though care kild a catte? thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bened. Sir, I ſhall meete your wit in the careere, and you charge it againſt me. I pray you chuſe another ſubiect.

Claud. Nay, then, giue him another ſtaffe; this laſt was broke croſſe.

Prince. By this light, he chaunges more and more: I thinke he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knowes how to turne his girdle.

Bened. [*to* CLAUD.] Shall I ſpeake a word in your eare?

Claud. God bleſſe me from a challenge!

Bened. [*Aside to* CLAUDIO.] You are a villaine! I ieaſt not; I will make it good, howe you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare! Doe mee right, or I will proteſt your cowardiſe! You haue killd a ſweete Lady; and her death ſhall fall heauie on you. Let me heare from you!

Claud. Well, I wil meet you, ſo I may haue good cheare!

Prince. What! a feaſt, a feaſt?

Claud. I'faith, I thanke him: he hath bid me to a calues head & a capon; the which, if I doe not carue moſt curiouſly, ſay my knifſe's naught! ¶ Shall I not find a woodcocke too?

Bened. Sir! your wit ambles well; it goes eaſily.

Prince. Ile tell thee how *Beatrice* praiſd thy witte the other day: I ſaid thou hadſt 'a fine witte': 'True,' ſaid ſhe, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' ſaid I, 'a great wit:' 'right,' ſaies ſhe, 'a great groſſe one.' 'Nay,' ſaid I, 'a good wit;' 'Iuſt,' [156 ſaid ſhe, 'it hurts no body.' 'Nay,' ſaid I, 'the gentleman is wiſe:' 'Certaine,' ſaid ſhe, 'a wiſe gentleman.' 'Nay,' ſaid I, 'he hath the tongues:' 'That I beleeue,' ſaid ſhee, [159 'for he ſwore a thing to mee on Munday night, which hee forſwore on Tueſday morning: theres a double tongue; there's * two tongues.' Thus did ſhee, an houre together, tranſ-ſhape

145. *sweete*] Q catch-word: sweeete, text.
154. *said*] Q. saies F.
*161. *theres two*] F. theirs two Q.

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thy particular vertues; yet at laſt ſhe concluded with a ſigh, 'thou waſt the properſt man in *Italy*.'

Claud. For the which ſhee wept heartily, and ſaide 'ſhe cared not.'

Prince. Yea, that ſhe did! 'but yet, for all that, and if ſhe did not hate him deadly, ſhe would loue him dearely:' the old mans daughter told vs all.

Claud. All, all! and moreouer, God ſawe him when he was hid in the garden.

Prince. But when ſhall we ſet the 'ſauage bulles' hornes on* 'the ſenſible *Benedick's*' head?

Clau. Yea, and text vnder-neath, 'Here dwells *Benedick* the married man?'

Bened. Fare you wel, Boy! you know my minde. I wil leaue you now to your goſſep-like humor: you breake ieſts, as braggards do their blades, which (God be thanked!) hurt not. ¶ My Lord! for your many courtiſies, I thanke you. [I muſt diſcontinue your company. Your Brother the Baſtard, is fled from *Meſſina:* you haue, among you, kild a ſweet and innocent Lady. For my Lord *Lacke-beard* there, hee and I ſhal meet; and till then, peace be with him! [*Exit.*

Prince. He is in earneſt!

Claudio. In moſt profound earneſt; and, ile warrant you, for the loue of *Beatrice.*

Prince. And hath challengde thee?

Claudio. Moſt ſincerely!

Prince. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his dublet and hoſe, and leaues off his wit!

Claudio. He is then a Giant to an Ape; but then is an Ape a Doctor to ſuch a man.

Prince. But ſoft you, let me be! plucke vp my heart, and be ſad! Did he not ſay, my Brother was fled?

Enter Conſtables (DOGBERY *&* VERGES) *and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE, *and* BORACHIO.

Conſt. [*Dogb. to* CON.] Come, you ſir! if iuſtice cannot tame you, ſhe ſhall nere weigh more reaſons in her ballance. Nay, and you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be lookt to!

*172. *on*] F. one Q.
194. *Enter . . .*] At l. 190 in Q, F. (F has 'Constable'.)

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Prince. How now! two of my brothers men bound! *Borachio* one!

Claudio. Hearken after their offence, my Lord!

Prince. Officers! what offence haue theſe men done? 201

Conſt. [*Dogb.*] Mary, ſir, they haue committed falſe report; moreouer, they haue ſpoken vntruths; ſecondarily, they are ſlanders; ſixt and laſtly, they haue belyed a Lady; thirdly, they haue verefied vniuſt thinges; and, to conclude, they are lying knaues! 206

Prince. Firſt, I aske thee, what they haue done? thirdly, I ask thee, whats their offence? ſixt and laſtly, why they are committed? and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reaſoned, and in his owne diuiſion; and, by my troth, theres one meaning wel ſuted. 211

Prince. [*to* **Bor** *&* **Con.**] Who haue you offended, Maiſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwere? This learned Conſtable is too cunning to be vnderſtood: whats your offence?

Bor. Sweete Prince! let me goe no farther to mine anſwere: do you heare me, and let this Counte kill me! I haue [216 deceiued euen your very eyes! what your wiſedoms could not diſcouer, theſe ſhallowe fooles haue broght to light; who, in the night, ouerheard me confeſſing to this man, how Don *Iohn*, your brother, incenſed me to ſlaunder the Lady [220 *Hero;* howe you were brought into the orchard, and ſaw me court *Margaret* in *Heroes* garments; [*To* **Claudio**] how you diſgracde hir when you ſhould marry hir: ¶ my villany [223 they haue vpon record; which I had rather ſeale with my death, then repeate ouer to my ſhame. The Lady is dead, vpon mine and my maſters falſe accuſation; and briefely, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villaine. 227

Prince. [*to* **Cl.**] Runnes not this ſpeech like yron through your bloud?

Claud. I haue dronke poiſon whiles he vtterd it!

Prince. But did my Brother ſet thee on to this? 230

Bor. Yea, and paid me richly for the practiſe of it!

Prince. He is compoſde and framde of treacherie;
And fled he is vpon this villanie.

Clau. Sweet *Hero!* now thy image doth appeare 234
In the rare ſemblance that I lou'd it firſt.

Conſt. (*Dogb. to* **Watch.**) Come, bring away the plaintiffes!

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By this time our Sexton hath reformed Signior *Leonato* of the matter. And, Maſters, do not forget to ſpecifie, when time and place ſhal ſerue, that I am an 'aſſe'!

Con. 2. (*Verges*) Here, here comes maſter Signior *Leonato*, and the Sexton too!

Re-enter LEONATO, *his brother* ANTHONIO; *and Enter the* Sexton.

Leonato. Which is the villaine? let me ſee his eies,
That when I note another man like him,
I may auoide him! which of theſe is he?

Bor. If you would know your wronger, looke on me!

Leonato. Art thou the ſlaue that with thy breath haſt killd
Mine innocent child?

Bor. Yea! euen I alone.

Leo. No, not ſo, villaine! thou belieſt thy ſelfe!
Here ſtand a paire of honourable men,
(A third is fled,) that had a hand in it.
¶ I thanke you, Princes, for my Daughters death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds!
Twas brauely done, if you bethinke you of it.

Clau. I know not how to pray your pacïence;
Yet I muſt ſpeake. Chooſe your reuenge your ſelfe;
Impoſe me to what penance your inuention
Can lay vpon my ſinne! yet ſinnd I not,
But in miſtaking.

Prince. By my ſoule, nor I!
And yet, to ſatisfie this good old man,
I would bend vnder any heauy waight,
That heele enioyne me to.

Leonato. I cannot bid you bid my daughter liue;
That were impoſſible: but I pray you both,
Poſſeſſe the people in *Meſſina* here,
How innocent ſhe died; and, [*to* CL.] if your loue
Can labour aught in ſad inuentïon,
Hang her an epitaph vpon her toomb,
And ſing it to her bones; ſing it to night!
To morrow morning, come you to my houſe;
And ſince you could not be my Son in law,
Be yet my Nephew· my brother hath a daughter,

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Almoſt the copie of my child thats dead,
And ſhe alone is heyre to both of vs:
Giue her the right you ſhould haue giu'n her coſin,
And ſo dies my reuenge.
Claudio. O noble ſir!
Your ouer kindneſſe doth wring teares from me!
I do embrace your offer; and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poore *Claudio.*
Leonato. To morrow then I wil expect your comming;
To night I take my leaue. [*Points to* BOR.] This naughty man
Shal face to face be brought to *Margaret,*
Who, I beleeue, was packt in al this wrong,
Hyred to it by your brother.
Bor. No! by my ſoule ſhe was not,
Nor knew not what ſhe did when ſhe ſpoke to me,
But alwayes hath bin iuſt and vertuous,
In any thing that I do know by her!
Conſt. (*Dogb. to* L.) Moreouer, ſir, (which indeede is not vnder white and blacke,) this plaintiffe heere, the offendour, did call me 'aſſe'! I beſeech you, let it be remembred in his puniſhment! And alſo the Watch heard them talke of one 'Deformed': they ſay he weares a key in his eare, and a [291 locke hanging by it, and borows monie in Gods name, the which he hath vſde ſo long, & neuer paied, that now men grow hard hearted, and wil lend nothing for Gods ſake: praie you, examine him vpon that point.
Leonato. I thanke thee for thy care and honeſt paines!
Conſt. (*Dogb.*) Your worſhip ſpeakes like a moſt thankful and reuerent youth; and I praiſe God for you.
Leon. Theres for thy paines! [*Giues him money.*
Conſt. (*Dogb.*) God ſaue the foundation!
Leon. Goe! I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner; and I thanke thee.
Conſt. (*Dogb.*) I leaue an arrant knaue with your Worſhip, which I beſeech your Worſhip to correct your ſelfe, for the example of others. God keepe your Worſhip! I wiſh your Worſhip well! God reſtore you to health! I humblie [306 giue you leaue to depart; and if a merie meeting may be wiſht, God prohibite it! ¶ Come, neighbour! [*Exeunt* * DOG. & VERG.

*308. *Exeunt*] F at l. 309.

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Leon. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell!
Brot. (*Anthonio.*) Farewell, my Lords! we looke for you to morrow.
Prince. We will not faile.
Claud. To night ile mourne with *Hero.*
[*Exeunt* PR. & CL.
Leonato. [*to the* **Watch**] Bring you theſe fellowes on! ¶ Weel talke with *Margaret,* how her acquaintance grew with this lewd felow. ⌜*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Secunda.

LEONATOES *Garden.*

Enter BENEDICKE *and* MARGARET.

Bened. Praie thee, ſweete Miſtris *Margaret,* deſerue well at my hands, by helping me to the ſpeech of *Beatrice!*
Mar. Wil you then write me a Sonnet in praiſe of my beautie?
Bene. In ſo high a ſtile, *Margaret,* that no man liuing ſhall come ouer it; for, in moſt comely truth, thou deſerueſt it.
Mar. To haue no man come ouer me! why ſhal I alwaies keep below ſtaires?
Bene. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth; it catches.
Mar. And your's, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.
Bene. A moſt manly witte, *Margaret:* it will not hurt a woman: and ſo, I pray thee, call *Beatrice!* I giue thee the bucklers.
Marg. Giue vs the ſwordes; wee haue bucklers of our owne.
Bene. If you vſe them, *Margaret,* you muſt putte in the pikes with a vice; and they are daungerous weapons for maides.
Mar. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I thinke hath legges.
[*Exit* MARGARITE.
Bene. And therefore wil come. [*Sings.*

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The God of loue
That ſits aboue 25
And knowes mee, and knowes me,
How pittifull I deſerue . . . 27

I meane in ſinging; but in louing, *Leander* the good ſwimmer, *Troilus* the firſt imploier of pandars, and a whole booke full of theſe quondam carpet-mongers, whoſe names yet [30 runne ſmoothly in the euen rode of a blancke verſe, why, they were neuer ſo truly turnd ouer and ouer as my poore ſelfe, in loue! Mary, I cannot ſhew it in rime. I haue tried: I can finde out no rime to 'Ladie' but 'babie,' (an innocent [34 rime!) for 'ſcorne,' 'horne,' (a hard rime!) for 'ſchoole' 'foole,' (a babling rime!) very ominous endings. No! I was not borne vnder a riming Plannet, nor I cannot wooe in feſtiuall termes. 38

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweete *Beatrice!* wouldſt thou come when I cald thee?

Beat. Yea, Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, ſtay but till then! 41

Beat. 'Then,' is ſpoken: fare you wel now! and yet, ere I goe, let me goe with that I came; which is, with knowing what hath paſt betweene you and *Claudio.* 44

Bene. Onely foule words: and therevpon I will kiſſe thee. [*Tries to.*

Beat. [*draws back*] 'Foule words' is but foule wind; and foule wind is but foule breath; and foule breath is noiſome; therfore I wil depart vnkiſt. 48

Bene. Thou haſt frighted the word out of his right ſence, ſo forcible is thy wit. But I muſt tel thee plainly, *Claudio* vndergoes my challenge; and either I muſt ſhortly heare from him, or I will ſubſcribe him a coward. And (I pray thee) now tell me, for which of my bad parts didſt thou firſt fal in loue with me? 54

Beat. For them all together; which maintaind ſo politique a ſtate of euil, that they will not admitte any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer loue for me? 58

37. *nor*] Q. for F. 38-39. *Enter . . .*] F. Q after l. 39.
43. *came*] Q, F. came for Pope.

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Bene. 'Suffer loue'! a good epithite! I do 'ſuffer loue' indeed! for I loue thee againſt my will.

Beat. In ſpight of your heart, I thinke. Alas, poore heart! If you ſpight it for my ſake, I will ſpight it for yours; for I wil neuer loue that which my friend hates. 63

Bene. Thou and I are too wiſe to wooe peaceably.

Beat. It appeares not in this confeſſion: theres not one wiſe man among twentie that will praiſe himſelfe. 66

Bene. An old, an old inſtance, *Beatrice*, that liu'd in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect, in this age, his owne Toomb ere he dies, he ſhall liue no longer in monument, then the Bell rings, and the Widow weepes. 70

Beat. And how long is that, thinke you?

Bene. Queſtion! why, an hower in clamour, and a quarter in rhewme; therefore is it moſt expedient for the wiſe, (if Don *Worme*, his conſcience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my ſelf. So much for praiſing my ſelfe, who, I my ſelfe will beare witnes, is praiſe worthie. And now tell me, how doth your coſin? 78

Beat. Verie ill.

Bene. And how do you? [*Puts his arm round her.*

Beat. Verie ill too.

Bene. Serue God, loue me, and mend! [*Kisses her.* 82

There wil I leaue you too, for here comes one in haſte.

Enter VRSULA.

Vrſula. Madam, you muſt come to your Vncle! Yonders old coile at home! it is prooued my Lady *Hero* hath bin falſely accuſde, the Prince and *Claudio* mightily abuſde, and Don *Iohn* is the author of all, who is fled and gone! will you come preſently? 88

Beat. Will you go heare this newes, Signior?

Bene. I wil liue in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eies: and moreouer, I wil go with thee to thy vncles.

[*Exeunt.**

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70. *Bell rings*] Q. Bels ring F. 83-4. *Enter . .*] Q. F at l. 81.
*91. *Exeunt*] F. Exit Q.

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Actus Quintus. Scena Tertia.

A Church In Messina, with HERO'S *Monument &* Musicians.

Enter CLAUDIO, PRINCE, *and three or foure with Tapers.*

Claudio. Is this the monument of *Leonato?*
A Lord. It is, my Lord.

CLAUDIO[1] *reads his Epitaph on* HERO *from a Paper.*

Done to death by ſlanderous[2] *tongues,*
Was the Hero *that heere lies:*
Death, in guerdon of her wronges,
Giues her fame which neuer dies:
So the life that dyed with ſhame,
Liues in death with glorious fame.

¶ Hang thou there vpon the toomb,
Praiſing hir when I am dombe! *
¶ Now, Muſick, ſound, & ſing your ſolemne hymne!

Song. *Pardon, Goddeſſe of the Night,*
Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin knight!
For the which, with ſongs of woe,
Round about her tombe they goe.
¶ *Midnight! aſſiſt our mone!*
Help vs to ſigh & grone,
Heauily, heauily!
¶ *Graues! yawne and yeeld your dead,*
Till death be vtterëd,
Heauenly, heauenly! †

Claudio. Now, vnto thy bones, good night!
Yeerely will I do this right.
Prince. Good morrow, Maiſters! Put your Torches out!
The wolues haue preied; and looke, the gentle day
Before the wheeles of *Phœbus*, round about

---

[1] Q, F, put *Claudio* to line 11.
[2] for *n* Q has a turnd *n*.
*10. *domb*e] F. dead Q.
†21. *Heauenly* . .] F. Heauily, heauily Q.
22. *Claudio*] Lo. Q, F.

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Dapples the drowſie Eaſt with ſpots of grey:
Thanks to you al, and leaue vs: Fare you well!
Claudio. Good morrow, Maſters! each, his ſeuerall way.
[*Exeunt* **Attendants.**
Prince. Come, let vs hence, and put on other weedes;
And then to *Leonatoes* we will goe!
Claudio. And *Hymen* now with luckier iſſue ſpeed's,
Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe! [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Quarta.

A Hall in LEONATOES *House.*

Enter LEONATO, BENEDICK, MARGARET, VRSULA, *old man* (ANTHONIO), Frier FRANCIS, HERO, BEATRICE.

Frier. Did I not tell you ſhee was innocent?
Leo. So are the Prince and *Claudio,* who accuſd her,
Vpon the errour that you heard debated:
But *Marguret* was in ſome fault for this,
Although againſt her will, as it appeares,
In the true courſe of all the queſtïon.
Old. Anth. Wel! I am glad that all things ſorts ſo well.
Bened. And ſo am I, being elſe by faith enforſt
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.
Leo. Well, daughter, ¶ and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your ſelues;
And when I ſend for you, come hither masked!
[*Exeunt* Ladies.
¶ The Prince and *Claudio* promiſde by this howre
To viſite me. ¶ You know your office, Brother!
You muſt be father to your brothers daughter,
And giue her to young *Claudio.*[1]
Old Anth. Which I will doe with cónfirmd countenance.
Bened. Frier! I muſt intreate your paines, I thinke.
Frier. To doe what, Signior?
Bened. To bind me, or vndo me: one of them.

32. *speed's*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). speeds Q, F.
12. *Exeunt Ladies.*] Q and F put this to l. 16.
[1] But *Leo.* does it: see l. 54.

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¶ Signior *Leonato!* truth it is, good Signior,
Your Niece regards me with an eye of fauour.
Leo. That eye, my daughter lent her: tis moſt true.
Bened. And I do with an eye of loue requite her.
Leo. The ſight whereof, I thinke you had from me,
From *Claudio* and the Prince: but whats your will?
Bened. Your anſwere, ſir, is enigmaticall;
But, for my wil,—my will is, your good will
May ſtand with ours, this day to be conioynd
In the ſtate of honorable marriage;
¶ In which (good Frier,) I ſhal deſire your help.
Leo. My heart is with your liking.
Frier. And my helpe.
Heere comes the Prince and *Claudio.*

Enter PRINCE, *and* CLAUDIO, *and two or three other* **Lords.**

Prince. Good morrow to this faire aſſembly!
Leo. Good morrow, Prince! ¶ Good morrow, *Claudio!*
We heere attend you. Are you yet determined,
To day to marry with my brothers daughter?
Claud. Ile hold my mind, were ſhe an *Ethiope.*
Leo. Call her foorth, Brother! heres the Frier ready.
[*Exit* ANTHONIO.
*P*rince. Good morrow, *Bened*icke! why, whats the matter,
That you haue ſuch a Februarie face,
So full of froſt, of ſtorme, and clowdineſſe?
Claud. I thinke he thinkes vpon the 'ſauage bull.'
Tuſh, feare not, man! weele tip thy hornes with gold,
And all *Europa* ſhall reioyce at thee,
As once *Europa* did at luſtie *Ioue,**
When he would play the noble beaſt in loue.
Bene. Bull *Ioue,* ſir, had an amiable lowe,
And ſome ſuch ſtrange Bull leapt your fathers Cowe,
And got a Calfe in that ſame noble feate,
Much like to you, for you haue iuſt his bleate.
Clau. For this I owe you: here comes other recknings.

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33. *Heere . . . Claudio*] Q. F om. | 40. *Prince . . . Benedicke*] P. . . . Bened. Q. Prin. . . . Benedike F.
33-4. *and . . . other*] Q. with attendants F. | *46. *Ioue*] F. ? loue Q.

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Re-enter brother ANTHONIO, *with* HERO, BEATRICE, MARGARET, VRSULA, *maskt.*

¶ Which is the Lady I muſt ſeize vpon?
Leo. This ſame is ſhe; and I do giue you her.
Claud. Why, then ſhees mine. ¶ Sweet, let me ſee your face!
Leon. No! that you ſhall not, till you take her hand
Before this Frier, and ſweare to marry hir.
Claud. Giue me your hand! Before this holy Frier,
I am your husband, if you like of me.
Hero. And when I liu'd, I was your other wife: [*Unmasks.*
And when you loued, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another *Hero!*
Hero. Nothing certainer!
One *Hero* died defilde, but I do liue;
And ſurely as I liue, I am a maide!
Prince. The former *Hero!* *Hero* that is dead!
Leon. She died, my Lord, but whiles her ſlaunder liu'd.
Frier. All this amazement can I qualifie,
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
Ile tell you largely of faire *Heroes* death.
Meane time, let wonder ſeeme familiar,
And to the chappell let vs preſently!
Ben. Soft and faire, Frier! [*To Ladies*] Which is *Beatrice?*
Beat. [*unmasks*] I anſwer to that name! What is your will?
Bene. Do not you loue me?
Beat. Why, no! no more then reaſon.
Bene. Why, then your Vncle, and the Prince, and *Claudio,*
Haue beene deceiued: they ſwore you did!
Beat. Do not you loue me?
Bene. Troth no! 'no more then reaſon.'
Beat. Why, then my Coſin, *Margaret,* and *Vrſula,*
Are much deceiu'd; for they did ſweare you did!
Bene. They ſwore that you were almoſt ſicke for me!
Beat. They ſwore that you were welnigh dead for me!
Bene. Tis no ſuch matter! Then you do not loue me?

---

54. *Leo.*] Q, F. It was to be Antonio: see l. 15-17, p. 71.
63. *defilde*] Q.
80, 81. *that*] Q.
82. *such*] Q.

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Beat. No, truly! but in friendly recompence.
Leon. Come, Cofin! I am ſure you loue the gentleman.
Clau. And ile be ſworne vpon't, that he loues her;
For heres a paper written in his hand,
A halting ſonnet of his owne pure braine,
Faſhioned to *Beatrice.*
Hero. And heres another,
Writ in my Cofins hand, ſtolne from her pocket,
Containing her affection vnto *Benedicke.*
Bene. A miracle! heres our owne hands againſt our hearts. Come! I will haue thee! but by this light, I take thee for pittie.
Beat. I would not denie you; but, by this good day, I yeeld vpon great perſwaſion; and partly to ſaue your life, for I was told, you were in a conſumption.
Bene. Peace! I will ſtop your mouth. [*Kisses her.*
Prince. How doſt thou, 'Benedicke, the married man?'
Bene. Ile tel thee what, Prince: a Colledge of Witte-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour! Doſt thou think I care for a Satyre or an Epigramme? No! if a man will be beaten with braines, a ſhall weare nothing hanſome about him. In briefe, ſince I doe purpoſe to marrie, I will think nothing to anie purpoſe that the world can ſaie againſt it; and therfore, neuer flout at me for what I haue ſaid againſt it; for man is a giddie thing, and this is my concluſion [*draws* BEAT. *to him*]. ¶ For thy part, *Claudio*, I did thinke to haue beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinſman, liue vnbruiſde, and loue my Couſen! [*Points to* HERO.
Clau. I had wel hopte thou wouldſt haue denied *Beatrice*, that I might haue cudgelld thee out of thy ſingle life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of queſtion thou wilt be, if my Coſin [*points to* BEAT.] do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee.
Bene. Come, come! we are friends. Lets haue a dance ere we are maried, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wiues heeles!
Leon. Weele haue dancing afterward.
Bene. Firſt, of my worde! ¶ Therefore plaie, Muſicke!

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96. *Bene.*] Leon. Q. 104. *what*] Q. F om.
105. *draws . . . him*] P. A. Daniel conj.

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¶ Prince, thou art ſad! Get thee a wife, get thee a wife! there is no ſtaffe more reuerent then one tipt with horne.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord! your brother *Iohn* is tane in flight, And brought with armëd men backe to *Meſſina.*

Bene. Thinke not on him till to morrow! ile deuiſe thee braue puniſhments for him. ¶ Strike vp, Pipers! [*Dance.* **Exeunt.**

FINIS.

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NOTES.

I. i. 224. 'In time the savage bull doth beare the yoke.' Benedick quotes somewhat inaccurately from the opening dialogue of Act II in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* between Lorenzo and Balthasar, where the line reads, 'In time the savage bull sustaines the yoke.' This portion of the much-ridiculed play was extremely popular. Sir Abraham Ninny in *Woman is a Weathercock* tries to pass off a couplet from the same dialogue as original, but is immediately detected.

I. i. 269. 'Story.' A commentator has objected to this word as being out of place, and 'string' has been suggested. This emendation may be unhesitatingly rejected, the original reading being quite satisfactory and very apposite in connection with 'a book of wordes' in line 265.

II. iii. 36–43. These lines have been designated by Warburton as 'impious nonsense.' He considered them as an interpolation by the actors, and not from the hand of Shakespeare. The passage may be compared with the speech of the porter in *Macbeth*; the 'impiety' is quite insufficient ground for rejecting them.

II. iii. 115. *The Hundred Mery Tales* was a popular jest-book in the reign of Elizabeth. To modern readers the coarseness and crudity of most of the tales are more apparent than the humour.

II. iii. 237–8. 'A tooth-picker from the furthest inch of Asia,' etc. Perhaps a hit at the promiscuous articles which travellers were in the habit of bringing back as evidence that they had duly accomplished their voyage. Thus Puntarvolo in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of His Humour* was required to produce a Turk's mustachio, a Grecian hare's lip, and the tail of a Thracian rat.

III. i. 31. 'Her hair shall be of what colour it please God.' A very prominent foible of the ladies of Shakespeare's time was the practice of dyeing their hair, preferably to a sandy colour, as a piece of the sincerest form of flattery to Queen Elizabeth.

III. iii. 32. 'A Germaine from,' etc. The fantastical and assorted fashions of Englishmen are again ridiculed in the *Merchant of Venice*, Act I, sc. 2; this was a theme frequently found in dramatic and satirical writers. An excellent example occurs in Hall's *Virgidemiarum*, Book III, 1—

> 'A French head joined to neck Italian;
> Thy thighs from Germany, and breast from Spain;
> An Englishman in none, a fool in all;
> Many in one, and one in several.'

See also *Andrew Boorde* (Early English Text Society), p. 116, and Harrison's *Description of England*, p. 167–8.

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III. iv. 1. Dogbery. According to Aubrey this character was taken from real life, the original being a constable of Grendon in Buckinghamshire, a village which Shakespeare passed through on his journeys between London and Stratford.

III. iv. 34 *et seq.* The watch formed a common butt for the humorous writers of the time. 'They commonly eat onions to keep them in sleeping, which they account a medicine against cold' (Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook*, chap. viii). In Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Coxcomb*, referring to these worthy gentry, says, 'When they take a thief I'll take Ostend again. The whoresons drink opium in their ale, and then they sleep like tops; as for their bills, they only serve to reach down bacon and hang rashers on.'

IV. i. 49. 'For the letter that begins them all, H.' The word 'ache' varied in pronunciation, the noun hovering between 'ake' and 'aitch,' and the verb between 'ake' and 'atch.' Hunter uses this line to support a theory that the character of Benedick is supposed to represent William Herbert!

IV. i. 50. 'An you be not turned Turk.' To turn Turk means to undergo a complete change. Thus in the *City Gallant*, 'This it is to turn Turk: from a most absolute, compleat gentleman to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover.'

IV. i. 65. Carduus Benedictus was an esteemed medicine of the time. In the *Haven of Health* we are told, 'Carduus Benedictus or blessed thistle . . . strengtheneth all the principal parts of the body . . . comforteth the stomach, procureth appetite, hath a special virtue against poison and preserveth from the pestilence, and is excellent good against any kind of fever.'

IV. iii. 140. 'Foul-tainted.' Collier's substitution of 'soul-tainted' for this epithet is justly dubbed by Dyce to be a 'piece of mere impertinence.'

V. ii. 30. 'Carpet-mongers.' This word has much the same significance as carpet-knights, viz. those who were skilled in the effeminate arts of a courtier as opposed to those of military valour. A good description of a carpet-knight occurs in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, by Beaumont and Fletcher—

> 'No Carpet Knight
> That spent his youth in groves, or pleasant bowers;
> Or stretching on a Couch his lazy limbes,
> Sung to his Lute such soft and melting notes,
> As *Ovid*, nor *Anacreon* ever knew,
> Could work on them.' (I. i.)

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